Official Program

The Forty-third Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

1
9
3
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University Musical Society
of the
University of Michigan

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Official Program of

The Forty-third Annual

MAY FESTIVAL

May 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1936
Hill Auditorium, Ann Arbor, Michigan

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THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY is organized under an Act of the state of Michigan providing for the incorporation of "associations not for pecuniary profit." Its purpose is "to cultivate the public taste for music." All fees are placed at the lowest possible point compatible with sound business principles, the financial side serving but as a means to an educational and artistic end, a fact duly recognized by the Treasury Department of the United States by exempting from tax admissions to concerts given under its auspices.

THE FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL MAY FESTIVAL

CONDUCTORS

EARL V. MOORE, *Musical Director*
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, *Orchestral Conductor*
SAUL CASTON AND CHARLES O'CONNELL, *Associate Conductors*
JUVA HIGBEE, *Conductor of Young People's Festival Chorus*

SOLOISTS

Sopranos

LILY PONS — JEANNETTE VREELAND

Contralto

ROSE BAMPTON

Tenors

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI — PAUL ALTHOUSE

Baritones

JULIUS HUEHN — KEITH FALKNER

Pianist

HAROLD BAUER

Violinist

EFREM ZIMBALIST

Organist

PALMER CHRISTIAN

Accompanist

MABEL ROSS RHEAD

ORGANIZATIONS

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS

Notices and Acknowledgments

All concerts will begin on time (Eastern standard time).

Trumpet calls from the stage will be sounded three minutes before the resumption of the program after intermission.

Our patrons are invited to inspect the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments in the foyer of the first balcony and the adjoining room.

To study the evolution of musical instruments, it is only necessary to view the cases in their numerical order and remember that in the wall cases the sequence runs from *right* to *left* and from *top* to *bottom*, while the standard cases should always be approached on the left-hand side. Descriptive lists are attached to each case.

The Musical Director of the Festival desires to express his great obligation to Miss Juva Higbee, Supervisor of Music in the Ann Arbor Public Schools, for her valuable services in preparation of the Young People's Chorus; to the several members of her staff for their efficient assistance; to the teachers in the various schools from which the children have been drawn, for their coöperation; and to Miss Roxie Cowin for training the "off-stage" chorus.

The writer of the analyses hereby expresses his deep obligation to Mr. Lawrence Gilman, whose scholarly analyses, given in the Program Books of the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestras, are authoritative contributions to contemporary criticism and have been drawn upon for some of the analyses in this book.

The Steinway is the official concert piano of the University Musical Society.

FIRST MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MAY 13, AT 8:30

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Toccata and Fugue in D minor
Aria
Fugue in G minor
Come, Sweet Death
Passacaglia in C minor
. . . . . BACH

INTERMISSION

Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"
Prelude to "Lohengrin"
Love Music from "Tristan und Isolde"
. . . . . WAGNER

SECOND MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 14, AT 8:30

"Caractacus," A Dramatic Cantata . . . . . ELGAR

JEANNETTE VREELAND, *Soprano* . . . . . Eigen
PAUL ALTHOUSE, *Tenor* . . . . . Orbin
KEITH HUEHN, *Baritone* . . . . . Caractacus
JULIUS HUEHN, *Bass* . . . . . Arch-Druid / A Bard / Claudius

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION
PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist* — EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

SYNOPSIS

SCENE I

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS—"*Watchmen, alert!*"
SOLO (Caractacus)—"*Watchmen, Alert! King is here.*"
RECIT. (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—"*Father, Sire, and King.*"
SOLO (Eigen)—"*At eve to the greenwood.*"
TRIO (Eigen, Orbin, and Caractacus)—"*On the ocean and the river.*"
CHORUS—"*Rest, weary monarch.*"

SCENE II

(Orbin, Arch-Druid, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

SOLO (Arch-Druid) AND CHORUS—"*Tread the mystic circle round.*"
CHORUS (*Invocation*)—"*Lord of Dread.*"
RECIT. (Arch-Druid, Orbin, and Caractacus)—"*Bard, what read ye?*"
SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (Soldiers)—"*Leap to the light.*"
CHORUS—"*Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke.*"

INTERMISSION

SCENE III

(Eigen, Orbin, and Chorus.)

INTRODUCTION (Orchestra).
CHORUS—"*Come! beneath our woodland bowers.*"
SOLO (Eigen)—"*O'er-arch'd by leaves.*"
SOLO (Orbin)—"*Last night beneath the sacred Oak.*"
DUET (Eigen and Orbin) AND CHORUS—"*They gather the wreaths.*"

SCENE IV

(Eigen, Caractacus, and Chorus.)

CHORUS (Maidens)—"*Wild rumours shake our calm retreat.*"
SOLO (Eigen)—"*When the glow of the evening.*"
CHORUS (Soldiers)—"*We were gather'd by the river.*"
SOLO (Caractacus) AND CHORUS (*Lament*)—"*O my warriors.*"

SCENE V

(A Bard and Druid Maidens.)

SOLO (A Bard) AND CHORUS—"*Captive Britons, see them.*"

SCENE VI

(Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, Claudius, and Chorus.)

PROCESSIONAL MUSIC (Orchestra and Chorus)—"*The march triumphal thunders.*"
RECIT. (Claudius)—"*Unbind his hands.*"
SOLO (Caractacus)—"*Heap torment upon torment.*"
RECIT. (Claudius) AND CHORUS—"*Slay, slay the Briton.*"
SOLO (Caractacus)—"*I plead not for myself.*"
QUARTET (Eigen, Orbin, Caractacus, and Claudius)—"*Grace from the Roman.*"
CHORUS—"*The clang of arms is over.*"

THIRD MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 15, AT 2:30

SOLOIST

HAROLD BAUER, *Pianist*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S FESTIVAL CHORUS — ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT

SAUL CASTON AND EARL V. MOORE, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla" . . . . . GLINKA

The Children at Bethlehem . . . . . PIERNÉ

A Mystery in Two Parts for Soli, Chorus of Children and Orchestra

Part I. The Plain

Part II. The Stable

THE CAST

The Star	Mildred Olson
Jeannette	Burnette Bradley Staebler
Nicholas	Jean Seeley
Lubin	Dorothy Park
The Ass	Warren Foster
The Ox, The Herdsman, A Celestial Voice	Frederic Shaffmaster
The Virgin	Thelma Lewis
The Narrator	William P. Halstead
The Children	Children from the Fifth and Sixth Grades of the Ann Arbor Public Schools

INTERMISSION

Concerto No. 5 in E flat for Piano and Orchestra . . . . BEETHOVEN

Allegro

Adagio un poco moto

Rondo (allegro)

HAROLD BAUER

Mr. Bauer uses the Baldwin Piano

FOURTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 15, AT 8:30

SOLOIST

LILY PONS, *Soprano*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

CHARLES O'CONNELL AND SAUL CASTON, *Conductors*

PROGRAM

Overture to "Marriage of Figaro" . . . . . MOZART

Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute" . . . . . MOZART

"Alleluia" from the motet "Exsultate" . . . . . MOZART

LILY PONS

Symphony No. 1 in C major Op. 21 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Adagio molto—Allegro con brio

Andante cantabile con moto

Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace; Trio

Finale: Adagio-Allegro molto e vivace

INTERMISSION

Prelude to Act III from "Lohengrin" . . . . . WAGNER

Canope
Minstrels } . . . . . DEBUSSY

Orchestrated by Charles O'Connell

Aria, "Bell Song" from "Lakme" . . . . . DELIBES

MISS PONS

Choral and Fugue . . . . . ZEMACHSON

FIFTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 16, AT 2:30

SOLOIST

EFREM ZIMBALIST, *Violinist*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

Symphony No. 1 in C minor . . . . . BRAHMS

Un poco sostenuto—Allegro

Andante sostenuto

Un poco allegretto e grazioso

Adagio, piu andante—Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Concerto in D minor for Violin and Orchestra . . . . . SIBELIUS

Allegro moderato

Adagio di molto

Allegro ma non tanto

EFREM ZIMBALIST

INTERMISSION

The Fire Bird . . . . . STRAVINSKY

Introduction

The Fire Bird and Her Dance

Dance of the Princesses

Kastchei's Infernal Dance

Berceuse

Finale

SIXTH MAY FESTIVAL CONCERT

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 16, AT 8:30

SOLOISTS

JEANNETTE VREELAND, *Soprano* — GIOVANNI MARTINELLI, *Tenor*

ROSE BAMPTON, *Mezzo-Soprano* — KEITH FALKNER, *Bass*

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — THE UNIVERSITY CHORAL UNION

PALMER CHRISTIAN, *Organist* — EARL V. MOORE, *Conductor*

PROGRAM

"Manzoni Requiem" . . . . . VERDI

For Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

I. *Requiem e Kyrie*
- (*a*) Requiem aeternam . . . . . Chorus
- (*b*) Kyrie eleison . . . . . Quartet and Chorus

II. *Dies Irae*
- (*a*) Dies irae . . . . . Chorus
- (*b*) Tuba mirum . . . . . Bass and Chorus
- (*c*) Liber scriptus . . . . . Mezzo-Soprano and Chorus
- (*d*) Dies irae . . . . . Trio and Chorus
- (*e*) Rex tremendae . . . . . Quartet and Chorus
- (*f*) Recordare Jesu . . . . . Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano
- (*g*) Ingemisco . . . . . Tenor Solo
- (*h*) Confutatis . . . . . Bass Solo
- (*i*) Lacrymosa . . . . . Quartet and Chorus

III. *Offertorio*
- Domine Jesu . . . . . Quartet

IV. *Sanctus* . . . . . Chorus

INTERMISSION

V. *Agnus Dei* . . . . . Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano and Chorus

VI. *Lux aeterna* . . . . . Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano and Bass

VII. *Libera me* . . . . . Soprano and Chorus

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMS

BY

GLENN D. McGEOCH

FIRST CONCERT

Wednesday Evening, May 13

Program of Compositions by Johann Sebastian Bach

Johann Sebastian Bach was born at Eisenach,
March 21, 1685; died at Leipzig, July 28, 1750.

In Johann Sebastian Bach, the musical development of two centuries reached its climax. Coming from a family of distinguished musicians famous in Germany for one hundred and fifty years, he entered into the full heritage of his predecessors and used, with incomparable effect, all of the musical learning of his day.

Born in the very heart of medieval Germany, in the remote little town of Eisenach under the tree-clad summits of the Thuringian Wald, Bach lived in an atmosphere that was charged with poetry, romance, and music. Towering precipitously over the little village stood the stately Wartburg, which once sheltered Luther and in one of the chambers of which, the German Bible came into being. Here also in 1207, the famous Tourney of Song was held, and German minstrelsy flowered.

In these surroundings Bach's early youth was spent, and his musical foundation formed under the careful guidance of his father. The subsequent events of his life were less propitious. Orphaned at the age of ten, he pursued his studies by himself, turning to the works of Buxtehude, Pachelbel, and other predecessors and contemporaries as models.

Singing in a church choir to gain free tuition at school, traveling by foot to neighboring towns to hear visiting organists who brought him occasional touches with the outside world, securing menial positions as organist in Arnstadt and Mühlhausen, filled the monotonous years of this great master's youth.

Although he gained some fame as the foremost organist of his day, he was ignored and neglected as a composer. Of all his church music, parts of only one cantata were printed during his life, not because it was esteemed, but because it was written for an annual burgomeister election! References by contemporaries are scanty; they had no insight into the value of his art. Fifty years after his death, his music was practically unknown, most of the manuscripts having been lost or mislaid.

The neglect, discovery, and final triumph of Bach's music are without parallel in the history of music. His triumphant progress from utter obscurity

to a place of unrivaled and unprecedented brilliance is a phenomenon, the equal of which has not been recorded. Today his position is extraordinary. Never was there a period when there were more diverse ideals, new methods, confusion of aims and styles, yet never has Bach been so universally acknowledged as the supreme master of music. Modern critics and composers speak of "going back to Bach." The statement is inconsistent; they have not come to him yet.

Certainly masterpieces were never so naively conceived. Treated with contempt by his associates in Leipzig, where he spent the last years of his life, and restrained by the narrow ideals and numbing pedantry of his superiors, he went on creating a world of beauty, without the slightest thought of posterity. The quiet old cantor, patiently teaching his pupils Latin and music, supervising all the choral and occasional music in the two principal churches of Leipzig, gradually losing his sight until in his last years he was hopelessly blind, never for a moment dreamed of immortality. He continued, year after year, to fulfill his laborious duties, and in doing so created the great works that have brought him eternal fame. His ambitions never passed beyond his city, church, and family.

Born into a day of small things, he helped the day to expand by giving it creations beyond the scope of its available means of expression. His art is elastic; it grows, deepens, and flows on into the advancing years. The changed media of expression; the increased expressive qualities of the modern pianoforte, organ, and complex orchestra have brought to the world a realization of the great dormant and potential beauties that lay in his work.

Mr. Stokowski's transcriptions, done with great respect and feeling for the old master, reveal these marvels of hidden beauty. What a magnificent world did the mighty Sebastian evolve from the dry, stiff, pedantic forms, from the inarticulate instruments of his time! As Wagner put it, "No words can give a conception of its richness, its sublimity, its all-comprehensiveness."

Toccata and Fugue in D minor . . . . . BACH

Bach lived in Weimar from 1708 to 1717 where he held the position of court organist. Here he wrote his finest organ works, using the current French and Italian styles with great independence. The *Toccata and Fugue in D minor*, as well as the *G-minor Fugue* heard on this program, date from the early part of Bach's residence here.

Originally the word *toccata* (derived from the Italian word *toccare*—to touch) was used to describe a "show piece" for a keyboard instrument, particularly for the organ. The organ toccata as a form was used first in Italy by Giovanni Gabrieli (1556–1613) and by Claudio Merulo (1533–1604) and later was more fully developed by Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643). In

Germany the toccata is identified with the name of Dietrich Buxtehude (1637–1707). But it was Bach who, in his magnificent organ toccatas, eclipsed all previous composers with an extraordinarily dramatic improvisatory style.

There is something Gothic about Bach's great *Toccata and Fugue in D minor*. It is a tonal cathedral towering from tremendous masses into tenuous spires; it lifts from the reality of rocky earth to the ephemeralness of clouds. While it is beyond the power of music to represent the world of reality, it can present the fundamental qualities which lie behind reality; and Bach's music conveys, through the subtle medium of ordered sound, the abstract qualities which the Gothic cathedral possesses—solidity, endurance, strength—and above all aspiration.

Aria . . . . . BACH

This aria constitutes the second movement of Bach's orchestral *Suite in D major*. It was originally written for strings, but has since been known to the public through Wilhelmj's violin solo transcription transposed to the key of C major and titled the "Air for the G String." It is one of Bach's best-known melodies and one which has long held the imagination of the public.

Fugue in G minor . . . . . BACH

The unusual beauty of the theme of this fugue, the masterly flow of the writing, the freedom of the episodes, and the animation of the polyphony make this work particularly adaptable for orchestral transcription.

It was written originally by Bach for the organ during his period at Weimar. It is often designated as the "Short" G minor, to distinguish it from the "Great" G minor fugue with its accompanying Fantasia.

Komm süsser Tod (Come Sweet Death) . . . . . BACH

(Transcribed for orchestra by Leopold Stokowski)

Bach's music is dominated almost entirely by mysticism, which gave to his art throughout a character of intense melancholy longing. In Bach's time, Germany was dominated by a philosophy wholly mystical, and by a religious literature created, no doubt, as a result of the Thirty Years' War, which threw the German mind upon itself; and, a naturally deeply emotional nation in its hours of depression, developed an internal world of melancholy and pious resignation. Bach reflects this in much of his music.

There is in Bach a calm acceptance of life, and no morbidity, no austerity

in his contemplation of death. There is rather a solemn and impressive joy and anticipation, a disdain of the things of the world, a longing and desire for release. Death never seemed terrible or forbidding to him. Embracing it with a serene melancholy, the tragic and deep emotions of his lonely soul found sublimation in music of eternal beauty.

The text, attributed to Johann Christian Dietrich (1712–1800), appeared in 1725 in the Dresden *Gesangbuch.*

Come Sweet Death, calm of the soul! Lead me to peace. I am weary of this life. Oh come and lead me away. Close gently and softly, my eyes. Calm of the soul.

Passacaglia in C minor . . . . . BACH

(Transcribed for orchestra by Leopold Stokowski)

Originally composed for the harpsichord with two keyboards, this mighty work soon found its way to the organ. "Its polyphonic structure fits so thoroughly for the organ," wrote Albert Schweitzer, "that we can hardly understand nowadays how anyone could have ventured to play it on a stringed instrument." Today it has passed from the medium of the organ to the great and complex modern orchestra, where its huge chordal masses are projected with titanic and overpowering effect.

In the words of Stokowski—"This 'Passacaglia' is one of those works whose content is so full and significant that its medium of expression is of relative unimportance; whether played on the organ, or on the greatest of all instruments, the orchestra, it is one of the most divinely inspired contrapuntal works ever conceived."

PROGRAM OF COMPOSITIONS BY WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER

Richard Wagner was born at Leipzig, May 22,
1813; died at Venice, February 13, 1883.

Fifty years after the death of Wagner (1933), Olin Downes wrote: "We remain in the shadow of a colossus. As no other person in the world of music, Wagner bestrode his age, and he dominates ours."

Not since Bach has a composer so overwhelmingly dominated his period, so completely overtopped his contemporaries and followers with a sovereignty of imagination and potency of expression. But Bach and Wagner share little else, actually, aesthetically, or spiritually. Bach's music is transcendent, abstract, absolute, impersonal, and detached; that of Wagner is most individual, emanat-

ing directly and unmistakably from his personality; it is movingly sensuous, excitingly emotional—highly descriptive. His life, unlike that of Bach, was thrilling, superbly vital, brilliant, and colorful. While Bach worked oblivious of posterity, Wagner worked consciously for fame, sustained by a prophetic vision and knowledge that he was writing for distant generations. It gave to his music a self-consciousness, an excessiveness, and at times an overeffectiveness. Bach died in obscurity, while Wagner lived to see every one of his major works performed on the stages of the world. He died with universal recognition and the realization that in the short space of his life he had changed the whole current of the tonal art, and that his mind and will had influenced the entire music of his age.

The synthetic and constructive power of Wagner's mind enabled him to assimilate the varied tendencies of his period to such a degree that he became the fulfillment of nineteenth century Romanticism in music. He conditioned the future style of opera, infusing into it a new dramatic truth and significance; he emphasized the marvelous emotional possibilities that lay in the orchestra, thereby realizing the expressive potentialities of instrumentation. He created not a "school" of music, as many lesser minds than his have done, but a school of thought. His grandiose ideas, sweeping years away as though they were minutes, have ever since found fertilization in the imaginations of those creators of music who have felt that their world has grown too small. He sensed Beethoven's striving to new spheres of emotional experience; and in a music that was new and glamorous, free and incandescent, unfettered and charged with passion, he entered a world of strange ecstasies to which music had never before had wings to soar.

Overture to "Die Meistersinger" . . . . . WAGNER

To the opera-going public, particularly in Germany, Wagner's single comedy *Die Meistersinger* is the most beloved of all his works. The gaiety and charming tunefulness of the score, the intermingling of humor, satire and romance in the text, are reasons enough for its universal popularity.

As a reconstruction of the social life in the quaint medieval city of Nuremberg, its truthfulness and vividness are beyond all praise. In its harmless satire, aimed in kindly humor at the manners, vices, and follies of the "tradesmen-musicians" and their attempt to keep the spirit of the minstrelsy alive, by dint of pedantic formulas—the plot is worthy to stand beside the best comedies of the world. Certainly it has no equal in operatic literature.

Among the great instrumental works whose fundamental principle is that

of polyphony (plural melody), the Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* stands alone. Polyphonic music, formerly the expression of corporate religious worship, now becomes the medium for the expression of the many-sidedness of individual character and the complexity of modern life. What a triumph for the man who was derided for his lack of scholarship, because he had no desire to bury himself alive in dust, but who constructed, with a surety of control of all the resources of the most abstruse counterpoint, a monument of polyphonic writing such as has not seen the light since the days of Palestrina and Bach (and with no sacrifice of naturalness, simplicity, and truthfulness, mind you).

Like Beethoven in the "Lenore" overtures written for his opera *Fidelio*, Wagner constructed the symphonic introduction to his comedy so as to indicate the elements of the dramatic story, their progress in the development of the play, and finally the outcome.

The overture begins with the theme of the Meistersingers in heavy pompous chords which carry with them all the nobility and dignity indicative of the character of the members of the guild, with their steadfast convictions of adherence to traditional rules. The theme is an embodiment of all that was sturdy and upright and kindly in the medieval burgher.

The second theme, only fourteen measures in length, heard in alternating flute, oboe, and clarinet, expresses the tender love of Eva and Walther. With a flourish in the violins flaunted by brass, another characteristic meistersinger theme appears in the wind—indicating the pompous corporate consciousness of the guild, symbolized in their banner whereon is emblazoned King David playing his harp.

In an interlude the violins sing the famous "prize song" in which the whole work finds its highest expression in the last act. This section is abruptly ended with a restatement of the meistersinger theme, now in the form of a short scherzo in humorous staccati notes. A stirring climax is reached with the simultaneous sounding of the three main themes: the "prize song" in the first violins and first horns and celli; the banner theme in woodwinds, lower horns, and second violins; the meistersinger theme in basses of all choirs. There is little music so intricate, yet so human. In the words of Lawrence Gilman, it is "a wonderous score, with its Shakespearean abundance, its Shakespearean blend of humor and loveliness, the warmth and depth of its humanity, the sweet mellowness of its spirit, its incredible recapturing of the hue and fragrance of a vanished day, its perfect veracity and its transcendent art."

Prelude to "Lohengrin" . . . . . WAGNER

When Wagner composed *Lohengrin* in 1847, he entered a new realm of expression. So new was this world that his contemporaries greeted it with terrific antagonism, and Wagner, as its creator, was vilified with a fury and persistence that seems incredible today. Ignorance, chauvinism, race hatred, pedantry, and philistinism united to form an opposition such as no other man has ever been confronted with outside of religion or politics. The "gentlemen" of the press greeted him as "The Bavarian Buffoon," "Vandal of Art," "Murderer of Melody," "The Marat of Music." But the writings of the leading contemporary critics will bear witness to their prejudice in hearing a "new" music for the first time. How mercilessly and yet how glibly they damned themselves with a stroke of their own pens! Thus they wrote in 1850 of *Lohengrin:*

"The music of *Lohengrin* is a disagreeable precipitate of nebulous theories—a frosty sense and soul-congealing tone whining. It is an abyss of ennui. . . . Nine-tenths of the score contains miserable utterly inane phrases. The whole instrumentation breathes of an impure atmosphere" (and this of the Prelude mind you!). "Every sentiment for what is noble and dignified in art protests against such an insult to the very essence of music." . . . "The music of *Lohengrin* is blubbering baby talk." . . . "Its music is formlessness reduced to a system, the work of an anti-melodious fanatic."

In speaking of the Prelude itself, they continued—"This 'symphonie,' too elaborate to merit the name of prelude, is nothing but a sequence of acoustic effects, a persistent tremolo on the first string, leading up to a sonorous entry of brass instruments, and all without a shadow of an idea. It is an audacious defiance of everything that people have hitherto agreed to call music."

But to Liszt, this Prelude was "a sort of magic formula, which like a mysterious initiation, prepares our souls for the sight of unaccustomed things, and of a higher signification than that of our terrestrial life."

Let us hear Wagner's own explanation of the poetic significance of his Prelude:*

The Holy Grail was the costly vessel out of which, at the Last Supper, our Saviour drank with His disciples, and in which His blood was received when out of love for His brethren He suffered upon the Cross, and which till this day has been preserved with lively zeal as the source of undying love; albeit, at one time this cup of salvation was taken away from unworthy mankind, but at length was brought back again from the heights of heaven by a band of angels, and delivered into the keeping of fervently loving, solitary men, who, wondrously strengthened and blessed by its

*Translated by William Ashton Ellis.

presence, and purified in heart, were consecrated as the earthly champions of eternal love.

This miraculous delivery of the Holy Grail, escorted by an angelic host, and the handing of it over into the custody of highly favored men, was selected by the author of *Lohengrin* for the Prelude to his drama, as the subject to be musically portrayed; just as here, for the sake of explanation, he may be allowed to bring it forward as an object for the mental receptive power of his hearers.

To the enraptured look of the highest celestial longing for love, the clearest blue atmosphere of heaven at first seems to condense itself into a wonderful, scarcely perceptible but magically pleasing vision; with gradually increasing precision the wonder-working angelic host is delineated in infinitely delicate lines as, conveying the holy vessel (the Grail) in its midst, it insensibly descends from the blazing heights of heaven. As the vision grows more and more distinct, as it hovers over the surface of the earth, a narcotic fragrant odor issues from its midst; entrancing vapors well up from it like golden clouds, and overpower the sense of the astonished gazer, who, from the lowest depths of his palpitating heart, feels himself wonderfully urged to holy emotions.

At last the holy vessel shows itself in the marvel of the undraped reality, clearly perceived, by him to whom it is vouchsafed to behold it, as the Holy Grail, which from out its divine contents spreads broadcast the radiance of highest love, like the lights of a heavenly fire that stirs all hearts with the heat of the flame of its everlasting glow. The beholder's brain reels—he falls down in a state of adoring annihilation. Yet upon him who is thus lost in love's rapture the Grail pours down its blessing, with which it designates him as its chosen knight; the blazing flames subside into an ever-decreasing brightness which now, like a gasp of breath of the most unspeakable joy and emotion, spreads itself over the surface of the earth and fills the breast of him who adores with a blessedness of which he had no foreboding. With chaste rejoicing, and smilingly looking down, the angelic host mounts again to heaven's heights; the source of love, which had dried up upon the earth, has been brought by them to the world again. Then, having left the Grail in the custody of pure-minded men, in whose hands its contents overflow as a source of blessing, the angelic host vanishes in the glorious light of heaven's blue sky.

Love Music from "Tristan und Isolde" . . . . . WAGNER

(Freely transcribed for orchestra by Leopold Stokowski)

The following condensation of the story of *Tristan und Isolde* that forms the background of this orchestral arrangement is taken from the program notes of the Philadelphia Orchestra, by Mr. Lawrence Gilman.

The scene is an old-world garden on a summer night, before Isolde's chamber in the Cornish castle of King Mark. At the open door a burning torch is fixed. The sound of hunting-horns is heard from the nearby forest as King

Mark and his courtiers disappear in pursuit of their sport. Isolde, consumed with longing, awaits her lover. They have arranged that the signal for Tristan to join her shall be the extinction of the torch. Isolde's attendant, Brangäne, who is wise, observant, and realistic, warns Isolde that the courtier, Melot, who pretends that he is Tristan's friend, has secretly been spying upon the lovers, and has planned this nocturnal hunt in order to entrap them. But Isolde will not listen. Frantic with impatience, she puts out the torch. As Brangäne ascends an outer staircase leading to the watch-tower of the castle, Isolde beckons the hastening Tristan with her scarf.

At the peak of the orchestral excitement, Tristan rushes in, and the pair fall into each other's arms with incoherent exclamations.

Then follows that extended and marvelous dialogue which is usually referred to as the "love duet." Yet this is no "love duet" in the usual operatic sense. It is an impassioned interchange of feeling and experience between two nobly tragic natures who find themselves confronting the profoundest realities of the spirit.

It would be impossible to explain their dialogue without quoting virtually the whole of the text, in the original, as Ernest Newman has pointed out; for no translation could convey the metaphysical double-meanings of Wagner's words. The lovers speak almost throughout in metaphors, and in a language that is abstract and subtle and allegorical. But the essential thing to remember is that Tristan and Isolde look upon Day as symbolizing the world of illusion, and Night as symbolizing the world of reality and truth and liberation. They long to escape from the hateful and deceptive Day into that Night of the inner world of the spirit in which their souls can become one. With that basic idea in mind, we can regard the music of this scene as a kind of symphonic poem, with obbligato voice-parts, on the contrasted themes of Night and Day, Love and Death.

* * * *

As the stress and passion of the music subside, the lovers, reclining on a bank of flowers, sing their sublime hymn to the Night, and fall into a trance-like quiet, while the voice of Brangäne (in the opera) floats down from the watch-tower, warning the oblivious pair that the night is almost over. Her voice is borne to us across an orchestral nocturne in which all the nameless mystery and enchantment of the night are concentrated into less than half a hundred measures. This symphonic interlude with its vocal obbligato is a tissue of melodies, an intricate polyphonic tapestry woven of many strands. In this wondrous tonal web, Wagner turns everything to song. These ascending and

descending melodies are heard together, enmeshed and superposed, twining about the voice of the distant watcher as if they were the interlacing voices of the night.

This hypnotic evocation passes like some ineffable and transporting dream—music of a beauty that approaches the bounds of the intolerable; and as the distant voice of Brangäne ends its prophecy of the waning night, we hear in the strings one of those orchestral songs of which only Wagner knew the secret: an infinitely tranquil melody which seems to have been born of some inward and fathomless peace existing at the heart of human agitation.

To this serene and assuaging music the lovers resume their dialogue. They sing of their longing for death as a release from the illusions and treacheries of life, and dedicate themselves to that mystical union of their spirits which will make their love triumphant over change and fate—since every fruition of desire (as Wagner has said in explanation of his drama) only sows the seeds of fresh desire and renewed illusion.

Again, as the sky turns pale above the forest trees, the warning voice of Brangäne is heard from the tower; but the lovers pay no heed to her; for they are borne out of themselves and out of the oppressive world about them upon the crest and momentum of such a tide of transport as not even Wagner has elsewhere imagined or set free.

At this point, in the opera, the catastrophe occurs. The duet is ended by a shriek from Brangäne. Kurvenal, Tristan's henchman, rushes in with drawn sword, followed by King Mark with his courtiers and the treacherous Melot, while the hated day breaks above the encircling woods, and the night of ecstasy is past. But Mr. Stokowski, in the orchestral performance that we shall hear, carries us beyond this tragic interruption to the conclusion of the whole matter. By a transition that is poetically and musically logical, he passes from the duet to the "Liebestod," that enraptured death-song which Isolde sings over her lover's body at the close of the opera.

Who that has witnessed that finale in the opera house can ever dislodge the memory of Isolde, oblivious of all around her, as she sinks upon Tristan's body, while the music utters its dark saying: "I and this love are one, and I am Death"; or can forget the sound of the transfigured orchestra as it comes to a close upon that irradiated final chord that is like no other in the whole of music, while we watch the daylight fade, and know that all desire and all regret have become as a quiet fold of evening sky?

SECOND CONCERT

Thursday Evening, May 14

"Caractacus," a Dramatic Cantata . . . . . ELGAR

Edward Elgar was born at Broadheath, England, June 2, 1857; died at Malvern, England, February 23, 1934.

The enthusiasm excited by Elgar in England and abroad did more than any single factor to interest the English people in English music, and so bring to the front a new school of composers. Since then, his position at the head of English music has been challenged by Holst, Delius, Bax, and Vaughn Williams, but not one of them has emerged as a dominant personality from this circle; not one of them has, by largeness of stride and spirit, gripped and dominated the public imagination as Elgar has for the past thirty years.

There is something of the parrot cry in the repeated assertions that Elgar was the greatest figure in English music since Henry Purcell, but it is obviously and disconcertingly true. It helps us to realize how long England had waited for the development and fruition of her inherent musical nature. The marvelous school of English composers which began with John Dunstable (died 1453) and continued through the madrigalian period with William Byrd (1543–1623) as its supreme figure, finally came to an end with Purcell (died 1695). When Handel arrived in London in 1710, only fifteen years after Purcell's death, English national music was quite dead. Dr. Arne, charming but limited, was a solitary figure in the eighteenth century. A period of sterility then followed and continued for over one hundred years, and English music sank to its lowest level—a level which led Nietzsche, Heine, and the world in general to consider England "a land without music."

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, three figures, destined to exert a tremendous influence over the musical history of their country, appeared. Herbert Parry, Charles Villiers Stanford, and Edward Elgar. These three men possessed remarkable creative gifts and a wide sympathetic scholarship. But Elgar had the loftiness of purpose, the deep sense of the beautiful, and the tenacity and patience of true genius.

It is not possible to rate too highly his importance in the history of English music. Without his output, the present state of music in England would still be pathetically provincial. In his art a greatness of stature, an accent of personality were again detected; a broadness, a sweep of inspiration appeared.

Dignity, humanity, sustained emotion, solidity, comprehensiveness returned to English music with the advent of Elgar. His art displayed a versatility, a new sense of values born of an intellectual appreciation indicative of a wide acquaintance with literature, art, and life. He raised English music to a degree of eminence that it would have taken years of struggle to reach without his aid. The cultivated style of his music linked English art once and for all with a continental standard. The drive of his music was soon felt; it was "like a fresh wind blowing stagnation away." He freed the music of England from the stilted, decadent domination of Handel and Mendelssohn, and broke all traditions based upon anemic imitations of these foreign composers, endowing the music of his country with a healthy independent life. His place in history is secure, whatever may be the ultimate fate of his music.

This is a critical estimation of Elgar's position. Cecil Grey, English critic, has not welcomed Elgar so enthusiastically as an artist. He senses in his music a truly Victorian flavor that is distasteful to him. He writes: "He never gets entirely away from the atmosphere of pale, cultured idealism, and the unconsciously hypocritical self-righteous, pharisaical gentlemanliness which is so characteristic of British art in the last century. . . . He might have been a greater composer had he not been such a perfect gentleman."

Our own Philip Hale wrote in his notes for the Boston Symphony concerts that: "His music at the best seems respectable in a middle-class manner; the sort of music that gives the composer the degree of Mus. Doc. from an English University."

It is true that Elgar has his platitudinous, pedantic, and stilted moments, but we should not judge him by his weaknesses alone. "Salut d'Amour," "Land of Glory," "Pomp and Circumstance," pieces by which the world has come to know him, do not reveal the real Elgar. We do not judge Tennyson as a poet by his "Charge of the Light Brigade." Elgar, too, had his "In Memoriam" in "Gerontius"; and his exquisite lyrics in the slow movements of his symphonies, in his Violin Concerto, and in the "Enigma Variations." Here is rare beauty, which the world will, and should, cherish.

Elgar was as truly a product of his age and of his race as Byrd and Purcell, and is the lesser and greater for being so. He expresses not only himself, but the aspirations and sorrows of his generation. In his art he reflects at times some of the weakness, the self-conscious restraint and paleness of his country's music, it is true; for the Victorian age liked self-complacent, modest, sentimental music—the music of Mendelssohn—just a few tasteful "Songs Without Words"—music of careful deportment. Elgar's music even in its unprecedented sweep and majesty was never too disturbing,—never extreme in manner nor

excessive in feeling. After all, Elgar was not writing for a mad world. Harmony of spirit fought for and won is the essence of his art.

Although *Caractacus* belongs to a period of Elgar's immaturity, it is bold and abounding with touches of genius, and there is revealed in its pages the presence of a master. The scoring is invariably sure and beautiful. Elgar's early and intimate acquaintance with every instrument in the orchestra enabled him to write with great effect. His knowledge of the voice led him to write for it, either in choral passages or as a solo instrument, as effectively as Handel. His extreme sensitiveness and psychological insight into the essence of the text; his complete mastery of choral effect; his amazing pictorial powers and the stoutness of his orchestral structure are truly Wagnerian. The work is, in fact, full of musico-dramatic devices first introduced by Wagner. The themes weaving throughout the score, reminiscent, prophetic, and character-defining, and used with a keen sense of dramatic fitness, result in an amazingly unified and closely knit score. From beginning to end it is full of life and movement and in making dramatic truth his ideal, Elgar is here representing the highest concepts of modern music.

Caractacus is a dramatic setting of an episode in the Roman invasion of Britain. The story is told most graphically by the librettist, the incidents are well defined, and the characters well motivated. Any attempt at statement of the plot seems unnecessary.

SCENE I.—BRITISH CAMP ON THE MALVERN HILLS.—*Night.*

(CARACTACUS *and the British host entering the camp.*)

CHORUS.—Watchmen, alert! the Roman hosts
Have girdled in our British coasts;
On every river's swelling tide
The sharp-beak'd Roman galleys ride;
Our homesteads burn, and, all between,
Wide wasted lie our woodlands green,
Beneath the stern unfalt'ring tramp,
As legions roll from camp to camp.
Comrades firm and fearless, breast the hill and sing,
To the foe defiance, glory to the King;
On like men undaunted, not a look behind,
Roll the voice of freedom rushing on the wind;
Night has clos'd above us, sleep, and wake again,
Ready for the legions gath'ring on the plain;
Loose not helm or buckler, rest like men of war,
Soldier in his harness, captain by his car;
So the King shall find you, when he gives command,
In the final muster ready for the land.
Watchmen, behold the warnings dire
Writ eastward far in signs of fire;
On these green mountain tops the last
Of Britain's hosts is fortress'd fast,
Before us Habren's thousand rills,
Behind the dark Silurian hills.

CARACTACUS. — Watchmen, alert! the King is here,
Your weary brethren slumber near;
Well rest ye on your batter'd shields,
O heroes of a hundred fields;
Your comrades wake your lines to guard;
Rest, warriors, rest beneath their ward.

(*He proceeds to the foot of the mound by the Spring of Taranis.*)

The air is sweet, the sky is calm,
All nature round is breathing balm,
The echo of our warfare falls
Faint,—distant,—on these grassy walls,
O spirits of the hill, surround
With waving wings this holy ground,
And from your airy censers show'r
Strength to me in this lonely hour.

(*He ascends the mound by the Spring of Taranis.*)

I have fought, and I have striven,
Fought with foes and striv'n with friends,
Fought for white-rob'd priests and gleemen,
Fought that Britons might be freemen;
I have driven, I have driven
O'er the ridges steep of war
Like a king my thund'ring car,
But it ends:
Thro' the cloven ranks of battle
Rome has heard my wheelblades rattle,
And has known
Golden torc and helm together
Shimm'ring thro' the stormy weather,
And my arm the spear uplifting
Through the sleet of javelins drifting
Like a king—alone.
But it ends, the heroic story,
Freedom ends, and pow'r, and glory:—

SENTRIES (*afar*).—Watchmen, alert!

CARACTACUS.—Nay, not yet; the steadfast Roman
On his ranks shall feel the foeman
Once again; one last endeavour,
Britain, my land, is sav'd forever.

(*Enter* EIGEN.)

EIGEN.—Father!

CARACTACUS.—'Tis Eigen.

EIGEN.—Sire, and King,
Why wand'ring by the pale starlight?

CARACTACUS.—Nay, daughter, what can Eigen bring
Untended through the camp by night?

EIGEN.—Nay, not untended, Orbin waits,
Close at my side, a guard from bale,
With me to read thee Britain's fates.

CARACTACUS.—Hail! Orbin.

(*Enter* ORBIN.)

ORBIN.—Lord and Captain, hail!

CARACTACUS.—Fates! they have left me; gods are far,
But women view the light of heav'n;
Say, can'st thou read in yonder star
One ray of light to Britain given?

SENTRIES (*in the distance*).—Watchmen, alert!

ORBIN.—Far off the distant sentry's hail
Keeps vigil o'er the army sleeping;
Here all is peace; attend the tale
Which Eigen's gentle breast is keeping.

EIGEN.—At eve to the greenwood we wander'd away,
To hear the birds singing, as happy as they.
When we came to the oak where the mistletoe grows,
Before us a fair Druid maiden arose,

[With ivy and oakleaf her brow was entwin'd,
Her dark hair unhooded was stirr'd with the wind;
On her bosom a glittering jewel she wore,]
In her hand a weird emblem, a sickle, she bore,
She rais'd it, and thrice reap'd a twig from the oak,
And the songs of the forest were hush'd as she spoke:
"When the voices of earth
At the midnight are still,
Go forth through the camp
On the crest of the hill;
On the mound tow'rd the sunrise,
By Taranis' spring,
Speak thus to thy father,
O child of the King;
'From ocean to river,
From river to rill,
The wings of the eagle
Shall follow thee still;
But deep in the forest
Their vigour may fail,
And high on the mountain
The dragon prevail.' "

ORBIN.—On the ocean and the river,
By the stream that cuts the plain,
Sails and pennons fill and quiver,
And the war horse champs the grain;
Through the close entangled forest
Is the legion's toil the sorest,
On the mountain steep and dreary
Mailed war horse will grow weary.

CARACTACUS.—I have met them in the forest,
And they bore my fiercest shock,
We were broken like the torrent
That is hurl'd against the rock:
Shall I meet them—meet the legions
In the wild Silurian regions,
[Where the blinding sea mist surges
Round the mountain's hidden verges,
And the cataract in thunder
Splits the groaning rocks asunder?]

EIGEN.—In the oak grove to-morrow
The Druids shall meet.
To read thee the omens
Of joy, not defeat.

EIGEN AND ORBIN.—By the song of the maiden
The omens shall be,
My father, the glory
Of Britain and thee.

CARACTACUS.—By the song of the maiden
The omens shall be,
O Britain, my Britain,
The triumph of thee.

(*They descend the hill.*)

SPIRITS OF THE HILL.—Rest, weary monarch; tow'rd the day
The night is waning fast away;
Bent on thee with benignant eye,
Morn's silver star ascends the sky,
Sleep, and, awake, again inspire
Thy warriors with thy soul of fire,
Casting afar with morning light
The brooding cares that burden night.
The air is hush'd, the armed hill,
Save for the sentry's voice, is still.

SENTRIES (*afar*).—Watchmen, alert!

SCENE II.—THE SACRED OAK GROVE BY THE TOMB OF THE KINGS.

(ARCH-DRUID, ORBIN, *Druids, Druidesses, and Bards round the sacred Oak.*)

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS.—Tread the mystic circle round,
Measure off the holy ground,
Through the fire and through the smoke,
Girdle slow the sacred oak,
Tree of eld, whose branches show,
Brightest in the winter snow,
The pearl-fruited mistletoe;
Bear your torches through the gloom,
Quench them on the hero's tomb,
Where the stones are wet and red
With the blood of victims dead.

DRUID MAIDENS.—Thread the measure left and right,
Druid maidens, clad in white,
Loose your locks, your bosoms bare,
Breathe the godhead brooding there,
Hov'ring round your floating hair,
Breathe the power—hearken well
For the coming of the spell.

(*Dance ceases.*)

INVOCATION

ARCH-DRUID AND CHORUS.—Lord of dread, and lord of pow'r,
This is thine, the fateful hour,
When beneath the sacred oak
Thrice the mighty charm is spoke,
Thrice the sacrificial knife
Reddens with a victim's life,
Thrice the mystic dance is led
Round the altar where they bled,
Taranis, descend to aid,
Let the future fate be said.

ARCH-DRUID.—Bard, what read ye in the field
Of the war-god's silver shield?

ORBIN.—Round the field the shadows gather,
Dull and dim, and dark, my father.

ARCH-DRUID.—Vanish, shadows! let him see
Clearly what the omens be.

ORBIN.—I see an eagle flying
With beak and talons red,
I see a warrior lying
On the green earth dead.

ARCH-DRUID.—Grim the vision, grim and stern,
Minstrel, which thine eyes discern;
Gaze again, and mark it well,
What thou seest, speak and tell.

ORBIN.—Dim and dark the shadows gather
Round the shield again, my father.

ARCH-DRUID.—No more, the fated hour is past.

(*The Druid maidens resume the choric measure round the Oak.*)

ARCH-DRUID AND DRUIDS (*aside*).
The omens speak in gloom at last.
And must our hero toil in vain
Unbless'd upon the battle plain?
Or with the Druids' blessing go,
Like fire from heav'n, upon the foe?
Desert your priests, ye gods; to-night
Still shall his soul be arm'd for fight:

ARCH-DRUID.—Children, break off the mystic ring:
Attend, obey, behold the King.

(*Enter* CARACTACUS *and Soldiers.*)

CARACTACUS. — Hail to thee, father; Druids, hail,
Interpreters of bliss and bale:
Tell me, before I meet the foe,
What fate the holy omens show.

(*The* ARCH-DRUID *ascends his throne.*)

ARCH-DRUID.—For the banded tribes of Britain

I stretch my arms abroad,
Mine is the ancient wisdom,
And mine the voice of god;
Go forth, O King, to conquer,
And all the land shall know,
When falls thy charmed sword-edge,
In thunder on the foe.
But Rome and all her legions
Shall shudder at the stroke,
The weapon of the war god,
The shadow of the oak;
The blade that blasts and withers,
The dark and dreadful spell,
Which reaping in the whirlwind,
Shall harvest them in hell.

CARACTACUS AND SOLDIERS.—Leap to the light, my brand of fight,
Flash to the heav'ns thine edges bright;
Where those sharp lips of steel shall go,
Red from the kiss a fount shall flow,
And many a gallant head lie low:
Leap to the light!
Be thou my bard, with note of fire
To sound thro' heav'n my royal lyre:
Sing till the fiery echoes roll
To every free-born warrior's soul,
Piercing as lev'n that cleaves the bole:
Sing to the light!
Cry naked to a country free,
Guerdon and gold be none for thee;
Land of my sires, land of mine,
Hark to the song and make it thine:
Wake, wake and see my signal shine:
Wake to the light!

ORBIN.—Shall we greet them?
Shall we meet them?
And with mighty spell defeat them?
Meet them with our war cry ringing,
Meet them songs of triumph singing!
In thy hand thou bear'st the omen,
Trust to that against the foemen;
Spell and charm will fail thee ever,
But thy sword deceive thee never.

ARCH-DRUID.—No more!

ORBIN.—May I unfold no more?
Then grant me to surrender
The song of bard and priestly lore,
And be my land's defender.

ARCH-DRUID. — Cease, Orbin, cease; around our shrine
To aid thy country's cause is thine;
There, where in slumber dark and deep
The hearts of ancient heroes sleep,
Where broods the spirit of the god
Above the earth which once they trod,
Inspiring in the fateful hour
The Druid's sacred soul with pow'r.

ORBIN.—O hear me, father! ere the fray
Sweep all our country's hopes away,
Hear me before our brethren go,
Inspir'd by thee, to meet the foe,
By justice, mercy, right, and ruth,
O be thy words the words of truth.

ARCH-DRUID, DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.
Hence—ere the Druid's wrath is woke
Hence—ere the awful curse is spoke,
Here in the shadow of the Oak.
Doom him to your deadliest throe,
Doom him, ye gods!—apostate, go!

SOLDIERS AND CARACTACUS.—Leap to the light, etc.

(*Exeunt.*)

ORBIN.—I hear; and ere the morning gray
I cast my snow-white robe away,
And I go,
Like a bard my paean flinging
On the front of battle ringing,
Like a warrior for my land
Charging sword in hand
On the foe.

(*He casts down his harp and rushes off. The Druids gather round the Oak.*)

DRUIDS AND DRUIDESSES.—Taranis, descend to aid, etc.

SCENE III.—THE FOREST NEAR THE SEVERN.—*Morning.*

(*In the distance youths and maidens sing while they weave sacred garlands.*)

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs,
Wreathe our hallowed wreaths of flow'rs.
Priestly crowns of crimson hue,
Opening roses bright with dew,
Come!
Scatter bud and blossom round you on the way,
Till the tender greensward blushes like the day;
Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs,
Wreathe our hallow'd wreaths of flow'rs.

EIGEN. — O'er-arch'd by leaves the streamlet weaves
Its meshes in the sun,
The violets blue with diamond dew
Are jewell'd every one;
My heart is bright as morning light,
And tender as the flow'r,
For here I rove to meet my love,
In this, the chosen hour.
The gentle wind with kisses kind
Is playing on my brow,
The fawn is leaping round the hind
Beneath the rustling bough;
The dove is cooing to her mate,
All things in earth appear,
To joy around me while I wait
For Orbin to be here.
[O wind that blows, O stream that flows,
O little fawn on lea,
All that can move to meet my love,
O call my love to me:
He comes—behold, my fate is told,
With joyous feet I fly
To find my rest upon his breast,
And in his heart to die.]

(*Enter* ORBIN.)

ORBIN.—Mine Eigen, behold me, a fugitive now,
I fly to the camp with a brand on my brow.

EIGEN.—O tell me, my bard, for thy garment of white
Why bear'st thou the mail and the weapons of fight?

ORBIN.—Last night beneath the sacred oak,
The dreaded rite was ta'en,
Last night the mystic word I spoke
That told of Britain's bane;
Then came the King, and, false as hell,
A blessed bode the Druids tell,
Alone my voice was raised to sing
A warning to our glorious King;
Silenc'd, and curs'd, and driv'n to flight,
I tore my bardic robes of white—
A warrior now, for Britain's weal
I change my golden harp for steel.
Eigen, my lady lov'd, I go,
And but for thee no tear should flow;
Pray to the gods to grant my arm
To guard thy father's head from harm,
And pray this parting may not be
Our last beneath the greenwood tree.

CHORUS.—Come! beneath our woodland bow'rs, etc.

ORBIN.—They gather the wreaths that shall hang on the shrine

When the curse must be sung o'er this
treason of mine;
O weep not!

EIGEN.—Nay—linger not—haste ye and
go,
Fly from the Druid, the shrine and
the woe.

ORBIN.—Cling closely to me; hold me
still,
Heart of my heart, and life and
pow'r;
Thou, only thou, the hope, the thrill,
And impulse of the coming hour.

EIGEN.—Thine in death, to thy latest
breath;
If it be thy fate to die;

ORBIN.—Then hand in hand, in the far-
off land
We will wander, thou and I.

BOTH.—In the land where the fear of
hostile sword,
Or the Druid's spell or the rite ab-
horr'd,
Shall vex our love no more;
Where all is peace under summer suns,
And clear of battle the river runs,
And in placid waters the lilies float,
And the sweet birds sing an untroubled
note;
Where never are heard the sounds of
strife,
But all is radiant, joyous life,
When this sad life is o'er.

SCENE IV.—THE MALVERN HILLS.

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors shake our calm
retreat,
There comes a noise of hurrying feet,
Of bodesmen straining fast and far,
And the air breathes low of distant
war—
Faint sounds of battles lost and won
Quiver and die when day is done;
Sweet lady, hope of Britain's line,
What fears of ours can match with
thine?
Whatever woe the gods may bring,
Pray, sisters, for our gallant King.

EIGEN.—When the glow of the evening
had died from the hill,
And the murmuring voice of the forest
was still,
[I wander'd again to the oak in the
gloom,
Which shadows the shrine by the war-
rior's tomb:]
Once again through the thicket all
tangled and green
[Where the glance of the moonlight
was fitfully seen,]
Came the maid of the Druids I met
there of yore,
[But all dark was the garb and the
visage she bore,]
No breath was abroad that might ruffle
her form,
But her tresses were toss'd as if lash'd
by a storm,
[And her hands were tight clench'd
and her eyes were aglare,]
And she spoke and she curs'd thee—O,
father, beware!

"Who falls from the mountain
Shall fall by the sword,
Who flits from the forest
Be bound with a cord;
The King and his kinsfolk
Are captive at home,
And all deck'd for triumph
The forum of Rome."

MAIDENS.—Wild rumors, etc.

[To-day we watch'd when morn was nigh
The stars pale slowly in the sky,
And in the dead gray dusk of dawn—
Across the heav'n we saw it drawn—
A mighty sword—a sword of flame,
The smoke wreaths round it went and came,
And from the point, we mark'd them well,
The blood drops slowly roll'd and fell,
One after one, with crimson gleam,
They dy'd the waves of Habren's stream:
The unknown heav'n, the earth we know,
Shake to the signs of coming woe;
But true to troth we here must stay
To guard our princess as we may.]

EIGEN.—O hush ye, my maidens, be hush'd; can it be?
What soldier comes hither so dreaful to see?
By the armour I know him, the torc, and the ring,
And the dragon of gold, 'tis my father, the King!

(*Enter* CARACTACUS *and remnant of British soldiery in disorder.*)

SOLDIERS.—All the day the mighty battle
O'er the bloody meadows spread,
While we fell like butcher'd cattle,
Till the living trod the dead;
And our arms were faint and failing,
We were dying with the day,
When, at last the foe prevailing
Swept, ah! swept our ranks away.

LAMENT

CARACTACUS AND CHORUS. — Oh, my warriors, tell me truly,
O'er the red graves where ye lie
That your monarch led you duly,
First to charge and last to fly;
Speak, ah! speak, beloved voices,
From the chambers where ye feast,
Where the war god stern rejoices
That his host has been increas'd;
Say that first I clove the legions
Where the golden eagle flew
O'er the head to whom allegiance
From the Roman foe was due;
[Say ye saw me stand thereunder,
In the thickest of the ring,
While the battle crash'd like thunder,
Fighting bravely—like a king;]
Say, too, when the fight was ending,
That with glazing eyes ye saw
Me my quiv'ring ranks defending
From the greedy Roman maw;
And the god shall give you heeding,
And across the heav'nly plain,
He shall smile, and see me leading
My dead warriors once again!

SCENE V.—THE SEVERN.

(*British captives embarking on the Roman galleys.*)

DRUIDESSES AND A BARD.—Captive Britons, see them! Hark
To their tears as they embark!
Fetter'd, weary, worn and white,
Sun of Britain, shun the sight!
Heav'ns of Britain, weep in rain;—
They shall ne'er return again!
Lap their bark with sob and sigh,
Sombre Habren, swirling by;
For they never more shall see
British heav'n, or land, or thee.

SCENE VI.—ROME. THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION.

CHORUS.—*Over the marble palace,
Over the golden shrine,
O'er street, and square, and forum
The glaring noonbeams shine;
Widely the robes are waving,
Brightly the jewels glance,
Eager the eyes that lighten
Each joyous countenance.
The march triumphal thunders
Amid the shouting crowd,
With flash of helm and corslet,
While trumpets scream aloud;
And cymbals sharply ringing
The car of triumph greet,
With the milk-white steeds that draw it
Along the sacred street.

* * * * * *

But hark! a shout that shakes the air,
The Emperor fills the curule chair;
The captives halt before.

CLAUDIUS.—Unbind his hands, silence the trumpets; plead,
Briton, if plea can purge thy crimes away,
Or turn the doom of many a bloody deed,
The lingering doom that waits on thee to-day.

CARACTACUS.—Heap torment upon torment, woe on woe,
Let months and years of anguish'd life be mine;
Tears from these eyes Rome cannot cause to flow,
Nor bend this knee by any pow'r of thine.
We lived in peace, was that a crime to thee,
That thy fierce eagle stoop'd upon our nest?
A freeborn chieftain, and a people free,
We dwelt among our woodlands and were blest.
For liberty, wives, children, hearth and shrine,
From sea to plain we fought, from plain to hill;
Now all is lost, all that was ours is thine;
My soul alone remains unshackled still.
Do then thy worst on me; my people spare
Who fought for freedom in our land at home;
Slaves they are not; be wise and teach them there
Order, and law, and liberty with Rome.

EIGEN.—O for the swards of Britain, and the hills!
The whisp'ring forest by our Habren's side!
O for our Habren, and her silver rills,
Before we lost them would that we had died!

ORBIN.—O for mine Eigen in her woodland glade,
Light as the morning, tripping on the lea!
Spare, spare her, Roman, spare this trembling maid,
And measure tenfold torment upon me.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay, slay the Briton.

*These lines have been transposed for some gain in musical effect.

CLAUDIUS.—Captive, dost thou hear?
The gods themselves breathe through a people's breath;
The gods condemn thee; dost thou learn to fear?
How say ye still, Quirites?

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Death! Death! Death!

CARACTACUS.—I plead not for myself; not earth or heav'n
Can shake a soul like mine prepar'd for all!
Yet—yet I plead that mercy may be giv'n
To these, my comrades of the Roman thrall.
My guileless daughter and the warrior bard,
Her lover, fled from priestly bonds at home,
Is there no grace for them, and is it hard
To win so little from Imperial Rome?

ORBIN.—Plead not for me, I will not quit thy side;
But plead for Eigen while thy breath endures:

EIGEN.—Plead not for me, King's child, and Orbin's bride,
Yours be my fate, as all my life was yours.

ROMAN CITIZENS.—Slay! Slay them!

CLAUDIUS.—By the gods they shall not die;
Their blood would curse the ground to which it grew,
[The noble chief who fought and scorn'd to fly,
The maiden innocent, the lover true.]
We grant you grace; young warrior, clasp thy bride;
Brave chieftain, all thy sufferings are o'er;
Dwell here in Rome, and by the Emperor's side
Find safety, peace, and rest for evermore.

EIGEN, ORBIN, AND CARACTACUS.—
Grace from the Roman! peace and rest are ours,
Freedom is lost, but rest and peace remain;
Britain, farewell! through all the lingering hours
Hope, memory, love shall hide our golden chain.

CHORUS.—The clang of arms is over,
Abide in peace and brood
On glorious ages coming,
And Kings of British blood.
The light descends from heaven,
The centuries roll away,
The empire of the Roman
Is crumbled into clay.
The eagle's flight is ended,
His weary wings are furl'd;
The Oak has grown and shadow'd
The shores of all the world.
Britons, alert! and fear not,
Give equal law to all men—
And hold it to the death;
For all the world shall learn it—
Though long the task shall be—
The text of Britain's teaching,
The message of the free;
And when at last they find it,
The nations all shall stand
And hymn the praise of Britain,
Like brothers, hand in hand.

H. A. ACKWORTH

THIRD CONCERT

Friday Afternoon, May 15

Overture to "Russlan and Ludmilla" . . . . . GLINKA

Michael Ivanovich Glinka was born at Novospasskoi in 1803; died at Berlin in 1857.

In the reign of Catherine the Great, Russia showed a vigorous musical enthusiasm, but an enthusiasm which emanated from foreign sources, particularly French and Italian. No conscious effort had been made toward the formation of a national artistic style until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Glinka was the founder of that style. In his opera *The Life for the Tzar* (1834), Glinka had found a subject of national import, and in his music he established a definite Russian school. If *The Life for the Tzar* is to be regarded as a national epic, Glinka's second opera, *Russlan and Ludmilla* (1842), must be credited with a significance equally nationalistic, though in a different sphere. Here he forsook history for folklore, as Wagner had done after his *Rienzi*.

The influence of *Russlan and Ludmilla* was tremendous. It set a style for such creations as have since come from the pens of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Stravinsky. Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Kashchei, Tsar Sultan, Snow Maiden, Sadko, Kitesh* (performed at the 1932 May Festival in concert form), and Stravinsky's "Fire Bird Suite" (on the program for Saturday afternoon): all have a foundation in a folklore in which the supernatural and the fantastic predominate.

But there are other elements to support this opera's claim to the distinction of being a pioneer work. It is here that oriental color is for the first time brought to Russian music. The opera is not the only field benefiting from Glinka's policy. Balakireff's piano fantasia "Islamey," an epic of the orient, Borodin's "In the Steppes of Central Asia," Korsakoff's "Scheherazade," all owe their inspiration to *Russlan and Ludmilla.*

Ludmilla, daughter of Prince Svietozar of Kiev, had three suitors, one of whom, the knight Russlan, was accepted. At her wedding Ludmilla was carried away by the magician Chernomor, and her hand was promised by her father to the suitor who would rescue her. Russlan, evoking benevolent magic, received a charmed sword and rescued Ludmilla. On the homeward journey, another suitor, Farlaf, cast the pair into magic slumber and took the maiden to

Prince Svietozar, demanding her hand in marriage. Russlan, returning to the palace, denounced the traitor Farlaf and won the hand of Ludmilla.

The overture contains so small an amount of the musical material found in the subsequent pages of the opera as to be hardly representative of it. It is clearly written in the classical form. The principal theme in D major, 2-2 time, is announced in the full orchestra. The second theme in F major is given out by the 'celli and violas, accompanied by the strings. There is the customary development and recapitulation, and the overture ends with a coda. The theme of the coda, however, is of unusual interest. It is used throughout the opera as a leitmotif or characteristic theme, designating the conspiracies of Chernomor. It is a descending whole-tone scale. This revolutionary tonality, usually accredited to Debussy, is remarkable in a work of 1842!

"The Children at Bethlehem," a Mystery in Two Parts . . PIERNE

For Solo Voices, Chorus of Children, and Orchestra

Henri Constant Gabriel Pierné was
born at Metzi, August 16, 1863.

Although Pierné does not possess a particularly conspicuous place in French music, it is a fixed one. His medium is definite, he knows what he wants to say, and he has adequate equipment and ingenuity to express himself directly. He is always effective without being tawdry, and possesses just the right degree of showmanship to carry his ideas to fulfillment. As a pupil of Marmontel, César Franck, and Massenet, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the orchestra. The woodwinds, the harp, and the muted strings play their part in the color scheme; while the orchestration as a whole can be compared in its delicacy (so distinctive a feature of the workmanship of French composers), to the exquisite harmony of color in Watteau.

The following analysis, necessarily somewhat condensed, draws attention to some of the salient features of the score. An idyllic theme of modal tendency, *tranquillo*, 9-8 time, delivered by the solo oboe, is first heard. At the eighth measure the muted violins set forth a contrasting theme. With alternations of the two ideas the work progresses, establishing the fitting atmosphere—winter twilight—with a group of shepherds watching their flocks. The narrator unfolds the story leading up to the first entrance of the Children. "Heads of brown and heads of yellow." This and the other folklike songs are not taken from any collection, says the composer, but are suggested by popular airs. The song is momentarily interrupted by the "Noël!" of the Star. The Children

continue "Our gay sabots are a-dancing." Even though the Star is drawing nearer the songs are not hushed. Three youths, Jeannette, Nicholas, and Lubin (Sopranos) lead in the merriment. The Herdsman's call "Et o louvalet derelo," is heard but the Children, though advised of the passing of time, display that childlike tendency to take "just a few minutes more," until finally silence reigns. Then the Star calls "Children dear, Lo! The Lord, born in a manger calls for you." Responding, and still led by the three youths, they sally forth again. Gifts must be carried to the Infant Jesus. "A new golden loaf of our sweet white bread," "my whitest lamb," "my apples," "some nuts," "some milk," and "our cheeses" represent their offerings tendered with artlessness and love. In the meantime appear the Three Kings, Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, in a splendid pageant. The Children are excited by the camels—"See the first with only one hump," "the musicians with flutes, tambourines, and kettle-drums"—and all the gorgeous trappings, etc. The score which has been characterized by its delicacy now takes on more brilliant color and is opulent in its use of legitimate means, leading up to a fine climax at the concluding words "Noël!" "Noël!"

In Part Second we are shown the stable with the Ox and the Ass, who are greatly disturbed by all the unusual proceedings of the night. The Virgin is watching over the Christ Child. In her sorrowful contemplation, "Sad lips and eyes," the Ox and the Ass join. Soon in the distance come the Children bringing their gifts. The Ox spies the procession of the Three Kings and both he and the Ass become very much excited in contemplation of the wonders that so stirred the Children.

The Children demand entrance, and when admitted, they stand hesitating on the threshold. The progress of events, the worship of the Children and their desire to be of service, the tender story of the Virgin:

> The thyme will soon flower;
> And marigolds blow,
> The bees find their bloom,
> And my heart a tomb.

are all unfolded in compelling measures.

Retreating, the Children sing "We'll pray for Him!" To soft chords, to muted strings (violas and 'celli), the Virgin sings "Sleep well beloved!" Far away in the fields the Children call "Noël!" Then a *pianissimo* roll of the kettledrum, and the work is ended as it began in quiet peace.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM

PART I

The Plain

The Pasture-lands surrounding a Village. In the winter twilight a group of Shepherd Children are watching their Flocks

THE NARRATOR

The voice of the frosty night shivers
and breaks in the stillness,
And child-shepherds watch along the
frozen wold;
Fleecy forms of the sheep are fading
from the uplands,
As shadows o'er the flock their sombre
wings unfold.
'Tis the hour when the call of the
herdsmen
Sighs and dies in the heart of the air,
When the dusk of the village is sud-
denly bright,
And tall flames make young again,
and fair,
The aged faces in the hearthfire's light.
But braving the cold, though it bite so
sore,
And loath to leave the last year's pas-
ture-land,
Blithe of heart, a frolicsome band,
The shepherd children dance once more.

THE CHILDREN

Heads of brown and heads of yellow,
Redhead makes a braver show!
Clack, clack! our sabots are dancing,
Round we go!

THE STAR

Noël! Noël! Noël! The star of day hath
dawned!
'Mid this night, when frost-flowers are
shining,
Is Jesus, son of Mary, in lowly manger
born!
The daystar now doth rise;
Jesus, dear son of Mary, in a manger
lies.

THE CHILDREN

Jack and Joan they cried for the moon,
sir!
How she mocked them from the blue!
Jack and Joan (my tale's begun, sir!)
One, sir!
Thought they'd best be laughing, too!
One, sir! Two!
Pot of oil and pot of honey,
Love is never bought for money,
Love is free to you and me!
Three!
Love is free to you and me!
One! Two! Three!

JEANNETTE

Shadows lengthen, growing deep,
The night descends o'er our pathway.
Let us homeward lead our flock,
Our lambkins bleat, no longer browsing;
With fierce hunger wolves are lurking
near!

THE CHILDREN

One more round, sister dear!—
Simple maid, no longer wander,
For the prince is waiting yonder,
Sleeping by the farmer's ricks!
Six!
Sleeping by the farmer's ricks!
Four! Five! Six!
He will say, "O Maiden Mary,
Who toilest in field and dairy,

Thou hast found the King's only son!"
One!
"Thou hast found the King's own son!"
Now we're done!
Now we are done, five, six, seven!
All good children go to heaven!
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!
All good children go to heaven!

THE STAR

Noël! Noël! Noël!

JEANNETTE

Hear ye the Voice, the Voice that sings?
Lubin!

NICHOLAS

Be still! I'm afraid!—Jeannette!

LUBIN

Speak not so loud!—Nicholas!

NICHOLAS

O! what is it?

JEANNETTE

I do not know!

LUBIN

I'm afraid! Let's go!

NICHOLAS

An angel, maybe! or naughty spirit!

JEANNETTE

I do not know! Let's go!

LUBIN

O look! Look at this tree, all a-tremble!

NICHOLAS

Let us hide our heads in thy mantle!

JEANNETTE

O, I'm afraid!

ALL THREE

Let's go!

THE CHILDREN

Let's go! Our shoes in our hands,
So we can run the faster!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, LUBIN

Good Fido! Good Fido! Poor fellow!
Go gather in the sheep!

THE CHILDREN

Good dog! Good dog!
Go gather in the sheep!

ALL TOGETHER

Let's run! Let's run!

(*The children gather their flock together.*)

A HERDSMAN

Et o louvalet, o louvalet, louvalet derelo.
Louvalet, louvalet, louvalet la la a-let.

THE CHILDREN

We'll sing, but very low!
Hand in hand let us go,
So the naughty sprite cannot find us,
And with ne'er a glance behind us,
On our homeward way we go!

(*They start off. They hurry, but do not go very fast, and as the little ones are ready to cry, the older ones begin to sing, in weak voices, trembling with fear, an old lament of the chimney corner.*)

In my father's field
Chanticleers are three;
One asleep with drooping wings,
One his noisy challenge flings

One that neither sleeps nor sings!
Ah! la la la!
In my father's fold
Three white lambs there be;
One to crop the tender grass,
One to chase the winds that pass
One to love and follow me!
Ah! la la la!

THE STAR

Noël! Noël! Noël!

JEANNETTE

Ah! *The Voice descends out of the sky!*

NICHOLAS

O, I'm afraid!

LUBIN

Jeannette! I'm frightened!

JEANNETTE

No, for here is the path!
Now the house is at hand!
Come! I'll carry thee on my arm!
Hide thou thy head upon my shoulder!

THE CHILDREN

(*Trembling, pressing close to one another*)

We brave the cold and the northwind,
Be it blowing low or high!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, LUBIN

We brave the cold and the northwind,
Be it blowing low or high!

THE STAR

Behold! to His own He cometh,
For them on the cross to die!

LUBIN

Oh! lovely Voice, so sad and tender!
Surely, some lonely little bird
In the dark night has lost his mother,
And complains
That his shy lament is not heard!
Ah! I love the Voice! Fearless I'd follow!
I long to clasp it in my arms!
Lovely Voice! how sad and how tender!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS

Happy am I when I hear it!
It weeps and smiles in one breath!
Broods o'er my heart with a touch so tender,
Voice of calm, mysterious splendor,
Thy breath is shelter and bread!
Was a voice e'er more benign, more friendly?
O blessed Voice, bringing us comfort!
How sweet and how sad, how tender and sad!

THE CHILDREN

I see the little lights of the village,
Where our dear mother waits for us!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, LUBIN

I see the lights of the town,
Where our dear mother waits for us!

THE CHILDREN

Brother dear, the table is spread!
Supper's ready, we shall be fed!
In my father's field
Chanticleers are three.
We brave the cold and the northwind,
Be it blowing low or high!

NICHOLAS, LUBIN

I am no longer hungry, I thirst no more!

JEANNETTE

Weary no more am I.

NICHOLAS

Lubin! Jeannette! O, I am happy, am happy!
And yet am I fain to weep!

LUBIN

Jeannette, Nicholas! O, I am happy, am happy!
And yet am I fain to weep!

JEANNETTE

Yes, I am happy,
And yet I fain would weep!

THE CHILDREN

In my father's fold
Three white lambs there be.
We brave the cold and the northwind,

ALL TOGETHER

Be it blowing low or high!

THE STAR

Behold! now the Saviour cometh,
For you on the cross to die!

ALL TOGETHER

Noël! Noël!
Noël! Noël!

(*The children go into their homes.*)

(*The fields stretch away into the distance, frozen and deserted. Silence and solitude reign. Little lines of smoke from the chimneys alone rise in the clear air, and the little lamps keep watch from behind the window panes.*)

THE NARRATOR

Goodman Winter, is it your rough breath we hear?
When shall the roses bloom, and grain again be gold?
Rage as you will, with wind-blown cheeks distended;
From plain and hill the flocks are safe in fold.
Shadows veil the woodland;
'Neath the shy, peering moon,
Night advances, wolves are bold,
It is cold!
What sound of weeping falters near?
Is it some wanderer? some tricksy sprite?
Or the cry of a little lamb
Astray at night?
Free wind, you who threat with angry gust,
And sudden at the shutter thrust,
When shall the roses blush again?
When shall the grain be bright?
Alas for nestling, bird or child,
Abroad in night so harsh and wild!

THE STAR

Children dear, loving and loved,
Pure of heart, trustful of spirit,
Lo! the Lord, born in a manger,
Calls for you: Rouse you from sleep!
Mary His mother finds refuge,
Hid in a humble retreat;
Cruel frosts of the night
Chill the little one's tiny bare feet!
Hark! the baby Jesus is crying!
Nor clothèd nor cradled He;
Mary His mother is sobbing!
Could He but comforted be!
He sleeps, though chilled to the marrow:
Follow me! follow me! pity afford!
Lo! for I am the star
That leads you to Him, your Lord!
Children dear, loving and loved,
Pure of heart, trustful of spirit,
Lo! the Lord born in a manger,
Calls to you: Rouse you from sleep!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, LUBIN

Yes! We must waken, must follow!
Up! arise!
Father! Mother! Unbar the doorway!
Up! and make no delay!
Our dear brother waits for us!
Arise! Up! Rise! Follow!

THE CHILDREN

Yes! We must waken, must follow!
Up! arise!
Up! and make no delay!
Father! Mother! Unbar the doorway!
Come! Rise! Follow!
Our dear brother waits for us!

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, LUBIN

Why rush about in panic so?

THE CHILDREN

The little Christ-Child suffers so!

JEANNETTE

Nicholas, bring thy warm, new mantle!

NICHOLAS

Sister, no! 'tis not worth the trouble!

JEANNETTE

The babe has naught to keep Him warm.

THE CHILDREN

The babe has naught to keep Him warm.

NICHOLAS

To Jesus I'll carry, in homage true,
A new golden loaf of our sweet white bread!

JEANNETTE

I'll carry to Jesus my whitest lamb!

THE CHILDREN

My apples!
Some nuts!
Some milk!
And our cheeses!

LUBIN

A fond heart alone have I
(Alas, portion slender!)
A fond heart alone have I,
Grateful praise to render!

THE STAR

O shepherd, let thy weeping cease!
The Lord bids them come to Him!

CHORUS

I'll carry to Jesus, etc.

JEANNETTE

What do I hear! Who's coming yonder!
For the steady galloping stride
Of horsemen in cadence that ride,
Resounds along the echoing highway!
Jean! Look yonder!

NICHOLAS

O look! see, see, little Netta!

ALL TOGETHER

O listen, how proudly they march to the music!
See, they are coming! Ah! here they are!

JEANNETTE

Noble sirs, three monarchs are ye,
Pacing on in royal array,
Without tumult taking your way,
So very grave, so silent ye!

LUBIN

See! the first, so grand and tall,
Clad all in scarlet and gold!

THIRD CONCERT

NICHOLAS

And the next, covered with scales:
O, but his armor is bright!

JEANNETTE

Look at the third one, ah see!
His face, tho' it's very clean, no doubt,
Is black and all shining!

THE NARRATOR

Behold, they come with cortège meet,
Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar;
Their noble steeds nor haste nor stay,
As from the East they take their way,
The heavenly Guest to greet.
Gifts they bear with jealous charge:
O, Thou innocent and mild,
On Thy face one smile to stir,
A king doth incense bring, and myrrh!
One a veil of colors rare,
Sheer and clear as morning air,
Web where flowers entwinèd are,
And many a star!
While the king of ebon brow
(Haughty eyes are lowered now)
Brings Thee strings of pearly shell,
Gathered 'neath the surge and swell
At ocean's bitter marge!
Behold, they come, etc.

JEANNETTE

O, splendid pageant! Children, watch it!
See the camels, dromedaries also,
And monkeys astride of them all!

THE CHILDREN

Ho! see the first with only one hump!
Look! look at the fourth, he has two!
Hi! bears! how fierce their little eyes are!
Do not let them come too near to you!

NICHOLAS

See! see! Beneath his tinsel trappings,

JEANNETTE

(Be careful, child!)

NICHOLAS

Purple, orange, red, blue and yellow,
See, he comes! The elephant comes!

THE CHILDREN

See how kind and gentle he is, tho'!
How he toils along with his pack!
I wish I might just climb on his shoulder,
Stroke him softly over his back!

THE NARRATOR

Three kings pass by, with cortège meet,
Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar;
Their noble steeds nor haste nor stay,
As from the East they take their way,
The heavenly Guest to greet.

JEANNETTE

Ho! the musicians come!
The flutes, yes, tambourines too!
And the king, as black as a crow!
Yes, and the drum! and the cymbals!
O see! There they go!

LUBIN

Ho! the musicians come!
The flutes, yes, tambourines too!
O, how it shines, how it sounds!
O see! it is splendid! O look!

NICHOLAS

And the king, as black as a crow!
The flutes and tambourines,
And the cymbals!
O, isn't it grand! O look!

ALL THREE

Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël!

THE CHILDREN

Ho! the flutes and the cymbals!
Ho! the tambourines and the kettle-drums!
O, how it sounds! how it shines!
It is glorious! O look!

ALL TOGETHER

Where away, fond and fearless?
  Where away, footing free?
  To the manger I go,
My dear brother Jesus seeking!
  Babe so sweet, babe so dear,
  Why art Thou cradled here?
Whoever may deny Thee,
  To Thee I take my way!

THE STAR

Noël! Noël! Noël!

ALL TOGETHER

We brave the cold and the northwind,
  Let him blow low or high!

THE STAR

Behold, now the Saviour cometh,
  For you on the cross to die!

ALL TOGETHER

Noël! Noël! Noël! Noël!

PART II

The Stable

THE VIRGIN

Lull to sleep, O voice of the desert,
  This dear babe with none to defend!
Though close in my garment I fold Him,
So faint He breathes, I hush to hear Him,
Such a pitiful little child!
  The thyme soon will bloom,
    And marigold blow,
  The thyme soon will bloom,
    And the lilac flower,
  And heavy my sorrow,
  The thyme soon will flower,
    The marigold blow,
  The bee find their bloom,
    But my heart will die!
Dearth of linen whitely sewn,
  I with straw his bed am strewing.
  Here 'mid the kine's quiet lowing
Is my dear baby Jesus born!
Ass and ox, on your guest in loving-kindness tending,
  Of your grace, dear humble friends,
  O'er my poor babe while He sleeps
Let your breath be warmly blending!

THE VIRGIN, THE ASS, THE OX

Sad lips and eyes, strangers to smiling,
That you may be braver and brighter,
  Wan, wee face, whence the rose is sped,
The ox, ass, and Mother Marie
  Watch and ward will keep o'er Thy bed!

THE ASS

In lowly stall we've enthroned Thee,
  For to Thee, O Saviour dear,
  Heart of beasts hath opened here,
Ere the heart of man hath owned Thee!

THE OX

O'er Thee, a conqueror mild,
  Though now Thy plight pitiful seem,
  The lowliest creatures wonder,
Adoring a little child!

THE ASS

While the ass, with open ears,
Listens long, guarding Thy sleep.

THE OX

While the ox, with bated sigh,
Adores a little child.

THE CHILDREN

Where away, fond and fearless?
Where away, footing free?

THE OX

Who's coming this way?

THE CHILDREN

To the stable I go,
My dear brother Jesus seeking.

THE VIRGIN

Do I hear, far across the night,
The voices of children singing?

THE CHILDREN

Babe so sweet, babe so dear,
Why art Thou cradled here?

THE ASS

Not a doubt but they make hurly-burly and noise!

THE CHILDREN

Whoever may deny Thee,
To Thee I take my way!
To Thee I take my way!

THE OX

See! Three lords approach, my brother,
With shoes of silver, robes of gold!

THE CHILDREN

Where away, fond and fearless?
Where away, footing free?

THE ASS

Look! what curious beasts, as well!
They've lost their way, I'm thinking.

THE CHILDREN

To the stable I go,
My dear brother Jesus seeking.
(*with Jeannette, Nicholas and Lubin*)
Babe so sweet, babe so dear,
Why art Thou cradled here?—
Whoever may deny Thee!—
Where away, fond and fearless?
Where away, footing free?
To the manger I go,
My dear brother Jesus seeking.
Noël! Noël! Noël!
To Thee I take my way!
Noël! Noël! Noël!

JEANNETTE

Noël! The star over our heads is standing!
Then, children, He is close at hand!
O ye Magi! It is here!
This bleak roof shelters the Christ-Child!
No refuge but this can He find!
Behold here the dwelling-place lowly
Of Him who makes a stable holy.

THE CHILDREN

Unbar the door! Noël! Noël!

THE OX

I warn you all, do not dare
To force this guarded doorway!

THE CHILDREN

Unbar the door! Noël! Noël!

THE ASS

Baby Jesus lies a-sleeping,
And you might crush Him to death!

THE CHILDREN

A shelter! a shelter! In the name of our great Master!

THE VIRGIN

If you please, make yourselves better known, sirs!

NICHOLAS

Shepherds are we, who hither come,
Just to greet the son of sweet Mary,
With sobbing breath and courage spent;
O let us in, O let us in!
For we are but children, too!

THE CHILDREN

O let us in, O let us in!
For we are but children, too!

THE VIRGIN

What! despite the cold and the night wind,
Despite the danger and the dark!
Come in, poor lambs! Open the door wide!
But fie! the child that trembles
A sleeping babe to mark!
(*The children enter, and stand hesitating on the threshold.*).

THE CHILDREN

Where is the baby?

THE VIRGIN

He is asleep now!

THE CHILDREN

But where, Jeannette?

JEANNETTE

There, betwixt the ox and this old long-ears!

NICHOLAS

How forlorn and wretched a house!

LUBIN

There, shining 'mid the dark,
Something fairer than roses
Peaceful reposes,
Breathing light:—can it be—
Is it Jesus?

THE VIRGIN

'Tis He!

THE CHILDREN

He does not dream that we are watching!
He sleeps as in a downy bed!

LUBIN

If I only dared go nearer!

THE VIRGIN

Come nearer, all! But softly, so,
Lest He too soon awake!

JEANNETTE

Be careful!

(*All the children surround Jesus and kneel about the manger.*)

THE CHILDREN

By, by, baby dear,
Dream of moonlight pure and tender;
By, by, baby dear,

JEANNETTE

He folds His tiny fingers fast,
Just like all the other wee babies!

THE CHILDREN

By, by, little lamb!
Safely folded for the night, dear!
By, by, little lamb!

LUBIN

Isn't He pretty! Isn't He good
To look so much like all the others!

THIRD CONCERT

THE CHILDREN

By, by, well-belov'd!
Angels tend Thy troubled pillow;
(*The Child Jesus opens His eyes.*)
By, by, well-belov'd!

NICHOLAS

He looks at us without crying,
Like our Janey when she first wakens!

THE CHILDREN

By, by, well-belov'd!
By, by, well-belov'd!

LUBIN

Let us lean on the manger! Come all!
Jeannette, be the first one to lean there!

JEANNETTE

O see! a circle of pure radiance
Comes to crown His dear baby head!
(*They present their humble gifts.*)

THE CHILDREN

Dear Saviour Jesus, receive us,
Children who tend flocks and herds;
We've brought Thee milk and some apples,
New white bread and creamy curds.

LUBIN

I have for Thee but a loving heart,
Singing 'mid the winter,
Singing as a little frog may,
Hid in his warm, reedy pool!

THE CHILDREN
(*stroking the Ox and Ass*)

Ass and ox, receive our caresses,
Ye who have watched o'er the Child!
Who with balmy breath so mild
Have comforted His distresses!

THE ASS, THE OX

Young things, your kind solicitations
To tenderness move a rude heart!
For loving word and caress
Fall rarely enough to our part.

JEANNETTE, NICHOLAS, AND THE CHILDREN

I carry to Jesus, in homage true,
A new golden loaf of our sweet white bread!
I carry to Jesus my whitest lamb,
My apples and milk, my homage to render!

LUBIN

I have for Him naught but a loving heart,
All my praise to render!
I have for Him naught but a loving heart,
(Alas! portion slender!)

THE NARRATOR

In silence dreaming lies the land:
The loving children kneel;
In tear-gemmed eyes soft gleaming
The sacred flame they feel.
The ox breathes breath like clover new,
And lest the Child awake,
The mother sways full slowly
The cradle rude and lowly,
Her fingers folded fair
Along its edge in prayer . . .
And near at hand
The ass is to his vigil true.
The royal Magi, wonder-filled,
In holy revery are stilled;
'Neath silent skies that drift and dream
Of one pure star's celestial gleam
Still sleeping lies the land.

THE STAR

The ox and ass shall keep Thee warm,
Dear child new-born, dear Saviour Child!
Thou Jesus, who in pity holy
Comfort hast and care for the lowly.

ALL THE OTHERS

Pray for us all! Pray for us all!

THE STAR

Thou Jesus, meek and loving Master,
Who shalt lead the way to life eternal.
Jesus the betrayed! Jesus the crucified!
Smiling on us e'en though Thou weep.

ALL CHILDREN

Pray for us all! Pray for us all!

THE STAR

Thou Jesus, encrown'd Lord of Lords,
'Neath thorns and bloodstains of the cross!

THE CHILDREN

Pray for us all! Pray for us all!

THE VIRGIN

By ingratitude never blinded,
To the vision your souls be true!
And may His coming find you faithful!

THE CHILDREN

Pray for us all! Pray for us all!

CELESTIAL VOICE

O God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?

THE VIRGIN

Children, haste your return,
Where home and mother wait you!
May all innocent joys
To my Jesus unknown,
With gladness fill your pure hearts!
God bless you, Children all!

THE CHILDREN (*going*)

Little Christ-Child, adieu!

THE VIRGIN

(*standing near her son while the children depart*)

Shepherd youths, with fair hair glancing,
Happy hearts and feet a-dancing,
O pray for Him! pray for Him!

THE CHILDREN

We'll pray for Him!

THE VIRGIN

For your Friend, whose childhood tender
Has here on earth no defender!

THE CHILDREN

We'll pray for Him!

THE VIRGIN

Then pray for Him in heaven's name,
And in the name of His mother!

THE CHILDREN

We'll pray for Him!

THE VIRGIN

(*again alone beside the manger, over which the Ox and the Ass have continued to breathe*)

The thyme soon will bloom,
And marigold blow,
The thyme soon will bloom
And the lilac flower!
And heavy my sorrow,
And bitter this hour!
The thyme soon will flower,
And marigold blow,
The bee find their bloom,
But my heart will die!

THE CHILDREN

We'll pray for Him! We'll pray for Him!

THE VIRGIN

Sleep! Sleep, well-belov'd!

THE CHILDREN

Noël!

THIRD CONCERT

Concerto No. 5, in E flat, for Piano and Orchestra . . BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven was born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

This magnificent concerto, known as the "Emperor," was the last and most significant of Beethoven's five concerti for the piano. It was composed in Vienna in 1809, the year of the death of Beethoven's old teacher, Franz Joseph Haydn.

For some unknown reason it did not have a public presentation until November 28, 1811, at Leipzig. The outstanding performance, however, was given in Vienna February 12, 1812, by the famous piano pedagogue and teacher of Liszt, Carl Czerny. The Vienna correspondent of the "Allegemeine Musik Zeitung" praised Czerny for his remarkable playing, but complained of the excessive length of the work. The Leipzig critic, however, recognized it as "without doubt one of the most original, imaginative, effective but most difficult of all existing concerti."

The name "Emperor" applied to this concerto is meaningless unless it suggests that the work holds a commanding position in its own realm similar to that held in theirs by the Violin Concerto, Leonore Overture No. 3, and the Eroica Symphony. Wherever the name came from, it is a significant designating title; for, of the five piano concerti, this is the most imposing and commanding in style.

The fusion of virtuosity and creative inspiration is remarkable in this work. There are brilliant and scintillating passages, far above any suggestion of mere display, passages abounding in driving power and infectious vitality, while others are marked by a delicate and infinite grace.

FIRST MOVEMENT

Allegro, E-flat major, 4-4 time

In Mozart's and Beethoven's day, the first movements of concerti were unusually cast into a modified sonata form with a double exposition for orchestra and solo instrument. In this concerto Beethoven prefaces the orchestral exposition by passages for the piano.*

An arpeggio passage in the piano is announced by a fortissimo chord in the orchestra. There are three presentations of this dual idea. The main theme is heard in the first violins. The second subject is announced in E-flat minor, pianissimo, but passes quickly into the parallel major key, and climaxes in the horns.

*Mozart had done this in a piano concerto in E-flat major. Beethoven himself had already adopted this innovation in his G-major piano concerto.

The piano then presents a chordal version of the main theme, followed by passage work which leads to the second subject (B minor) still in the piano, accompanied by pizzicato strings. The parallel key of B major is then established in a repetition in the full orchestra. The development group concerns itself with the first subject. In the recapitulation, the full orchestra announces the main theme *forte*. The subsidiary theme, announced in the piano in C-sharp minor, modulates to E-flat major and is sounded in the full orchestra. Beethoven, against custom, allowed no place for the usual cadenza but specifically directed that the soloist should pass directly to the coda.

Second Movement

Adagio un poco moto, B major, 4-4 time

The theme of this movement announced in the muted strings forms the basis of a series of "quasi-variations." At the close of the movement, there is an anticipation of the theme of the final movement which follows without pause. The music in this movement is transcendantly beautiful in its purity of style and spirit of mystical ecstasy.

Third Movement

Rondo (Allegro), E-flat major, 6-8 time

The piano announces the principal theme, soon reannounced by the complete orchestra *forte*. The first deviation follows in the piano, still in E flat, but modulates in a second section to B-flat major. The first subject then returns. There is a development with the customary recapitulation and a coda in which the kettledrum plays an important part. The whole movement sparkles, and shouts and laughs and capers with a hilarious abandon.

FOURTH CONCERT

Friday Evening, May 15

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" . . . . . MOZART

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg, January 27, 1756; died at Vienna, December 5, 1791.

Mozart was perhaps the most natural musician who ever lived; his art the most spontaneous that ever came into existence; his style the most limpid, serene, lucid, and transparent in all music. Here is empyrean music which treads on air—witty without loss of dignity, free without abandon, controlled without constriction, joyful and light-hearted, yet not frivolous; here is the music of eternal youth. No composer ever showed more affluence or more precision, more unerring instinct for balance and clarity than he. His genial vitality, absolute musicianship, and sympathetic sentiment set him apart from all other composers.

One hundred and fifty years ago, Mozart composed a thoroughly exquisite and charming opera *The Marriage of Figaro,* and since the first performance on May 1, 1786, its overture has constantly enlivened and refreshed men's spirits. Merriest of all overtures, it puts the listener at once into a frolicsome mood. It romps, it skips, it never pauses to reflect, for motion not emotion is its aim. One might as well attempt to explain the charm of a thrush's song as to analyze the bewitching fascination of this music. Laughing and singing itself out in five minutes, it recaptures each time it is recreated something of universal joy and well-being.

Pamina's Air from "The Magic Flute" . . . . . MOZART

On the seventh of March, 1791, Emanuel Schikaneder (1751–1812), a brother Freemason, brought to Mozart his libretto of a fairy opera in which were incorporated many of the mysteries of Freemasonry. As Schikaneder was in financial distress, Mozart, always too generous for his own good, gladly undertook its composition. The work was performed on September 30, 1791, in Vienna. The house program of that date shows the name of Emanuel Schikaneder in capitals at the top, while the name of Mozart as the composer of the music and conductor occurs in fine print at the bottom. It was a successful performance, but the presumptuous librettist stated at the time that "it

would have been more successful had Mozart not spoiled it." The first twenty-four performances brought Schikaneder over eight thousand guldens, and Mozart, nothing. Subsequent years, however, have brought Schikaneder a few lines in musical dictionaries and Mozart—Immortality!

In the whole field of opera there is not a more incomprehensible libretto than that of *The Magic Flute;* yet the score is Mozart's masterpiece. Produced in Vienna in 1791, only two months before his death, *The Magic Flute* is the quintessence of Mozart's genius. Over a ludicrous and fantastic plot and a combination of preposterous characters, Mozart poured his marvelous music and transformed this monstrosity into a living, breathing masterpiece. The story describes the wonder of Tamino's pipes, which had the power to control men, animals, birds, reptiles, and the elements. As the flute is continuously playing throughout the work, the result need only be imagined! But the magic of Mozart's music obliterates the ridiculous incidents, and creates from puppets, characters of distinct being and personality. Truly the magic of Tamino's flute passed into the hands of Mozart. In the words of Richard Wagner: "What Godlike magic breathes throughout this work. What many-sidedness, what marvelous variety! The quintessence of every noblest bloom of art seems here to blend in one unequaled flower."

Tamino, lover of Pamina, has been forbidden to speak to any woman. Pamina, not realizing this, and being hurt by Tamino's neglect of her, bemoans her fate.

How wretched I am without Tamino. Nothing is left to me but to mourn and drain the cup of woe. Come kind death and in pity, free me from my anguish.

"Alleluia" from the motet "Exsultate" . . . . . MOZART

This paean of rejoicing was written by Mozart at Milan in January, 1773, when he was but seventeen years of age. It forms the concluding movement of a motet entitled "Exsultate Jubilate," and has for its text the single word "Alleluia."

Symphony, No. 1, C major, Op. 21 . . . . . BEETHOVEN

Ludwig van Beethoven was born at Bonn, December 16, 1770; died at Vienna, March 26, 1827.

It is difficult to decide whether the man creates the age or the age the man, but in the case of Beethoven each is true to some extent. Certainly, as far as music is concerned, he created the age of Romanticism to such a degree that the new movement which began in the nineteenth century could be called "Bee-

thovenism" as well. On the other hand, there is no more decided proof to be found in music history, of the fact that the age produces the man, than the case of Beethoven. Certainly in his life and in his works, he is the embodiment of his period. Born at the end of the eighteenth century, he witnessed, during the formative period of his life, the drastic changes that were occurring throughout central Europe; changes which affected not only the political but the intellectual and artistic life of the world as well. The French Revolution announced the breaking up of an old civilization and the dawn of a new social régime. Twice during the most productive period of Beethoven's career, Vienna was occupied by the armies of Napoleon. The spirit, or call it what you will, that caused the Revolution and brought the armies of Napoleon into existence, is the very root of Beethoven's music. The ideas which dethroned kings, swept away landmarks of an older society, changed the whole attitude of the individual toward religion, the state, and tradition ultimately gave birth to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century, which brought such things as railroads, reform bills, trade unions, and electricity. The same spirit animated the poetic thought of Goethe, Schiller, Wordsworth, and Byron, and it infused itself into the music of Beethoven, from the creation of the Appassionata Sonata to the Choral Ninth Symphony.

During this period of chaos and turmoil, Beethoven stood like a colossus, bridging with his mighty grasp the two centuries in which he lived. In his one person he embodied the ideas of both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, became the sage and prophet of his period, and the center of the classic and romantic spirit.

These two elements were mutually helpful in making him the outstanding representative of each. His romantic tendencies helped him to infuse Promethean fire into the old, worn-out forms, and endow them with new passion. His respect for classic forms made him the greatest of the early Romanticists, for it aided him in tempering the fantastic excesses and extremes of his radical contemporaries. Thus, this harmonious embodiment of opposing forces, controlled by an architectonic intelligence that molded and fused them together into one passionate, creative impulse, resulted in the production of epoch-making masterpieces, built upon firm foundations, but emancipated from all confining elements of tradition, and set free to discover new regions of unimagined beauty.

Beethoven was thirty years of age before he produced his first symphony—a vivid contrast with Mozart, who, at the age of thirty-two, had composed his forty-first symphony. But Beethoven always approached a new form cautiously and methodically, and attempted it only after elaborate preparation. He felt his way with caution, and it took several attempts before he gained real freedom.

This procedure held true of his first works in the other media, whether in piano sonatas, trios, or quartets, in which he leaned heavily at first upon the rococo qualities of his teachers Haydn and Mozart.

Music critics have dealt too long and too persistently upon the reminiscences of Haydn and Mozart in Beethoven's early works. There is no question that they are there, but Beethoven, beginning composition seriously at the age of thirty, had found his individual voice.

Even in his initial symphony the real Beethoven speaks, if not in a sustained tone at least in utterances that are prophetic of a career that was to free music from the fashionable but worn-out patterns of the "Zopf" world. The opening measure of his symphony with its boldly dissonant chord in the key of F, although the movement is in C, and its leading in the course of three measures to a new key of G, is prophetic. The third movement, although named by him a minuetto, is in reality and in spirit a scherzo, whose speed broke down the formal and antiquated mold of the minuet, and established a form in his subsequent third movements, which constituted one of his most epoch-making innovations. In the First Symphony he already sensed the presence of a new world, which he entered with courage and conviction in the "Eroica" (Third Symphony in E-flat major). The C-major Symphony appearing in the first year of the new century, left the past and faced a new era of emancipated ideas and emotions.

Reminiscent as his first symphonic utterance seems to us today, we must recall that its boldness offended a Leipzig critic who in 1801 characterized it as "confused explosions of a presumptuous effrontery of a young man."

Today we have perspective and judge Beethoven by his greatest and most mature works; and in the light of these, the C-major Symphony bespeaks the coming-of-age of the symphonic form.

First Movement

As in the Second, Fourth, and Seventh Symphonies, Beethoven uses here an Introduction. It is but twelve measures in length and leads without pause to the opening theme of the *Allegro* which is heard in the strings. A transitional passage in the violins and woodwinds presents a new idea (shades of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" overture). The second theme of the exposition is heard as a dialogue between oboe and flute. The opening theme is heard again just before a short coda. The development section, as in Haydn, is devoted to a working out of the principal theme. The recapitulation recalls the main theme, but modifies it after presenting it first in its original form in the full orchestra. The coda is extended by a further development of the opening theme.

Second Movement

This movement, like the first, is cast into the sonata form, the first subject being announced in the second violins, very softly, imitated shortly after in the 'celli and violas and again in the basses and violins. The second theme is in the strings, at first, and then carried forth by woodwind and second violins with a counterpoint in the first violins. The coda presents a new theme in triplets in the first violins and a vigorous rhythm in the kettledrum. There is then a repetition of the first part of the movement (not always played in performance). The development section works out the potentialities of the second theme, accompanied by the marked drum rhythm. The recapitulation begins as before with the main theme in the second violins, accompanied by a counterpoint moving against it in the 'celli. The second subject is again in the strings. The coda develops the main theme.

Third Movement (Song and Trio)
Menuetto (C major)

The main subject, eight measures in length, is announced in the first violins and repeated exactly. The second section is strongly anticipatory of the scherzo of the Seventh Symphony. The trio, on the same key level of C major, is built around a dialogue between strings and woodwinds. As in the minuet, it has two sections, each repeated. The return of the principal song fulfills the classic demand for repetition of this section.

Fourth Movement

An introduction in an ascending figure for violins leads to the main part of the movement, the principal theme of which is announced in the strings. The transitional passage, as in the first movement, is based upon a new theme in the wind instruments with trailing scales in the strings. The second theme of the exposition is heard in the violins in octaves. There is a coda beginning with a dialogue between the woodwinds and the strings. The opening theme is suggested near the beginning of the development group, which is concerned largely with the first measures of the principal theme. The recapitulation is regular, and there is an extended coda bringing the movement to an end.

Introduction to Act III from "Lohengrin" . . . . . Wagner

The Introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* expresses the happiness and pageantry attending the event of the marriage of Elsa and Lohengrin. None of the tragic elements of the story is sounded in this jubilant music.

Program of Compositions by Claude Debussy

Claude Debussy was born at Saint Germain, August 22, 1852; died at Paris, March 26, 1918.

As Elgar reflected nationalistic qualities in his music, so Debussy revealed the characteristics most appropriate to his race. Nowhere in French literature or painting are works more strongly stamped with the impression of a French form of excellence. His art reveals a subtlety of feeling, a warmth of enthusiasm, and a quick and superfine sensibility which enable him to achieve the most delicate effects. An exquisite refinement of conception, the purest craftsmanship, an impeccable taste, and above all, a finesse and lucidity in execution so characteristic of French artists, are other distinguishing qualities of his work.

Like England before Elgar, France had no music of a real national character for over a century before the advent of Debussy. While the nationalization of music in France was not the work of Debussy alone, certainly no one approached the expression of a truly French musical spirit with greater success than he. All that was characteristic of the true precursors of modern French music in the medieval minstrels, in the Renaissance masters—Goudimel, Costeley, Jannequin and Le Jeune—in the clavicinists, Chambonière and Rameau, returns with a supple and intellectual spirit in the expressive and delicately sensuous music of Debussy. There is, of course, between them and Debussy, the difference inherent in the evolution of the centuries, but all reveal that which is commonly termed the French genius.

Debussy's style is eminently individual and poetic. He became the leader in the movement toward impressionistic expression, not for its pictorial or representative effects, but as the embodiment of delicate and subtle inner experiences.

Upon returning to Paris from Rome, where he had held the "Prix de Rome" fellowship, Debussy came into close personal contact with the "Impressionists" in French literature and art, and it was through him Impressionism entered music by way of painting.

The term "Impressionism" passed from a general term to a specialized use about 1863, when a sunset by Monet was shown in Paris, at the Salon des Refuses, entitled "Impression." The name was then adopted for a whole group of painters, of which Monet, Manet, and Degas were the leaders.

Impressionism came to reject all traditions and devote itself to the sensuous side of art to the exclusion of the intellectual. It subordinated the subject for the most part to the interest of the execution, and it interpreted isolated momentary sensations, not thoughts or concrete things. Impressionism, in the words of Walter Pater, is "a vivid personal impression of a fugitive effect." Techni-

cally, it is the concentration on one quality, to the comparative neglect of all the rest; it deliberately constructs but a fragment, in order to convey more suggestively an idea of the whole; it emphatically and deliberately destroys outline in the interest of creating "atmosphere," thus giving a sense of vagueness and incompleteness. Painters, poets, and musicians were drawn alike to the same sources of inspiration, emanating from an interior life of reflection—things sensitive, suggestive, intuitional, unsubstantial, and remote—to mists, fogs, sound of distant bells, clouds and gardens in the rain. Debussy used his art as a plastic medium for recording such fleeting impressions and fugitive glimpses. His style and technique, like that of Monet and Renoir, and early Pissaro, rendered a music that was intimate though evasive, a music with a twilight beauty and glamour, revealing a world of sense, flavor and color. The change one experiences from viewing Monet's picture "The Cathedral" for instance, to hearing Debussy's piano work "Le Cathedral Engloutie," is scarcely felt. Both create the same vague atmosphere about them—the same shimmering beauty and mystery. And so Debussy, working to the same end as the French Impressionists in art, through the subtle and ephemeral medium of sound, created an evasive world of vague feelings and subtle emotions, a world of momentary impressions—of enchanted islands, the romance of old brocades, the glimmer of moonlight, morning mists, shadowy pools, sunlight on waves, faint odor of dying flowers, the light from a distant star seen through the clouds ("Canope" heard on this program), or the more vigorous and sparkling effects of an Iberian Fête day or the atmosphere of an old minstrel show ("Minstrels" also on this program).

For the accomplishment of this highly subjective conception of music, Debussy did not hesitate to diverge from established notions of tonal construction, utilizing new scale series (whole tone scale), tending toward plastic and even vague rhythmic patterns, and was in all of his work more interested in color and contrast than in design and contour. "No fixed rule," he said, "should guide the creative artist. Rules are established by works of art, not for works of art. One should seek discipline in freedom, not in the precepts of a philosophy in its decline—that is good only for those who are weak. . . . Music is a spontaneous art, an open-air art, an art to be measured with the elements—the winds, the sky and the sea. It must not be confined or scholastic."

Canope . . . . . DEBUSSY

(Transcribed for Orchestra by Charles O'Connell)

Mr. O'Connell sends the following comments upon this and the other transcript by himself which appears on the present program:

"Canope" is the French form of the name "Canopus," a brilliant star of the first magnitude associated with the southern constellation "Argo." "Canopus" was also the name given by the Greeks to an ancient Egyptian city. The annotator prefers to believe that this glowing planet was perhaps Debussy's lucky star, or at least that the composer was considering the star, and not the city, when he made this music. "Canope" is No. 10 of the *Second Book of Preludes for Piano*. In the orchestral transcription an attempt has been made to apply the characteristic colors and to evoke the unique atmosphere with which Debussy invested his music. The suggestion of a distant star, seen now through a veil of mists, and, again, trailing a drapery of sidereal vapors, is not at all difficult to realize. Although a large orchestra is involved, the music is vaporous and iridescent rather than heavy and brilliant. An interesting detail of harmony is the close on an unresolved dissonance. The score calls for three flutes, two oboes, English horn, three clarinets, bass clarinet, three bassoons and contrabassoon, four horns, two harps, celesta, tamtam and the usual strings.

Minstrels . . . . . DEBUSSY

(Transcribed for Orchestra by Charles O'Connell)

Mr. O'Connell continues as follows:

"Minstrels" is taken from Debussy's *First Book of Prelude for the Piano*. The composer does not mean here to suggest the romantic figure of medieval days, wandering across the world with song and story on his lips; rather the spirit of the minstrel show, with its low comedy, easy sentiment, and slapstick effects were the inspiration for this fascinating little work; or perhaps Debussy was thinking of the itinerant street-singers of Paris. As in the case of "Canope," the orchestration looks very full on paper, but this is due more to the variety of instrumental colors employed than to any need for greatly extended dynamics or unusually rich harmonies. The entire woodwind section is used, including contrabassoon; the brass is employed sparingly, and as usual the string choirs are most important. This transcription is inscribed to Albert Spalding, whose penetrating appreciation of Debussy's little masterpiece revealed much of its inner charm to the transcriber.

Aria, "Bell Song" ("Lakme") . . . . . DELIBES

Clement Delibes was born at St. Germain-du-Val, February 21, 1836; died at Paris, January 16, 1891.

The apprentice years of Delibes' training were spent in work under the leading masters of the Conservatoire, which he entered in 1848. His journeyman stage dates from 1853, when he became connected with the Théâtre Lyrique, and officiated as organist at the Church of St. Jean et St. François. In 1855 he produced a brilliant operetta, and during the interim between that date and 1866 he evolved into the master. His greatest opera, *Lakme,* was produced in Paris in 1883, but before that he had written some clever and popular ballets which still maintain the boards.

The libretto of *Lakme* written by Edward Condinet and Philippe Gille, was taken from a story, *Le Mariage de Loti,* which appeared in the *Nouvelle Revue* in the eighties. This may be, but an opera, *Das Sonnenfest der Brahminen,* given by Marinelli in 1790, traverses the same ground with a similarity of detail that indicates it as the source of the above-mentioned story.

The aria on tonight's program takes place at the beginning of Act II. Nilakantha, a Brahman priest, who hates the English invaders and resents their presence in India, is disguised as a beggar to discover who had ventured on the sacred ground near his temple and had spoken to his daughter Lakme. Lakme is with him, and is wearing the dress of a dancing girl. He orders her to sing, hoping that the Englishman will recognize her voice and betray himself.

The following is a free translation and condensation of the aria:

A lovely pariah maiden roams in the woods amid the tender-leaved mimosas, spread in the pale moonlight. Over the forest moss she flies, past the gleaming laurels, dreaming of fairyland, and laughing at the night. Within the deep and somber forest a youth has lost his way, and from the shadows wild beasts spring out upon him. The maiden flies to shield the stricken youth. And on her wand, the silver bells resound and wield a charm. In wonder they look at each other and he whispers "Be blest and calm, I am Vishnu, the son of Brahm." And since that day is sometimes heard, stirred by a light low breeze, the silver bells, where came a maiden once amid the tender-leaved mimosas, with her charm.

Chorale and Fugue in D minor, Op. 4 . . . . . ZEMACHSON

Arnold Zemachson was born at Vilna, in 1892; is now living in New York City.

When this work was performed for the first time, under Leopold Stokowski's direction, at the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts of November 21 to 22, 1930, Mr. Zemachson supplied the following note for the program-book.

Arnold Zemachson was born in a small town in the province of Vilna, in the year 1892. He is a member of an old and well-known family of musicians. His father, Simon Zemachson, was a highly gifted composer in the Jewish liturgical field, and was widely known as such. Arnold Zemachson studied the violin with teachers in his home town. Later, he settled in the city of Vilna, and there he pursued his violin studies with Professor Malkin, at that time Director of the Vilna Royal Music School. After some years devoted to mastering the violin, he turned to the study of music theory, piano and composition. His theoretical studies were directed by his father.

In 1910, Zemachson came to America where he took up the study of orchestration, and since 1915 has devoted his time to composition.

He has written many works in virtually all the larger forms. So far, they remain in manuscript. Among these works, in addition to the "Chorale and Fugue" on this program, are songs *à cappella* for mixed chorus, a sonata for piano, a string quartet, and a cantata for mixed chorus, tenor solo, and orchestra entitled "On the Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus" (based on a poem by Lord Byron). At present he is working on a symphonic suite in D major.

Concerning the "Chorale and Fugue," it may be said that this is a composition worked out in the strictest polyphonic style. The chorale subject is original. The work was begun in 1926 and was completed at the end of that year. The work is dedicated to Leopold Stokowski.

The score calls for an orchestra of 3 flutes, 2 oboes, English horn, 2 clarinets in B flat, 2 bassoons, contrabassoon, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, bass tuba, timpani, triangle, tambourine, bass drum, small drum, cymbals, 2 harps, organ, and strings.

FIFTH CONCERT

Saturday Afternoon, May 16

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68 . . . . . BRAHMS

In the *Neue Frei Presse* of Vienna, fifty years ago, Hanslick, Brahms' chief champion, referred to the C-minor Symphony as "music more or less clear, more or less sympathetic, but difficult of comprehension . . . it affects the hearer as though he had read a scientific treatise full of Faust-like conflicts of the soul."

Tchaikovsky sensed in Brahms' music the same "difficulty of comprehension." "I have looked through a new symphony by Brahms (C minor). He has no charms for me. I find him cold and obscure, full of pretensions, but without any real depth." He wrote to Mme. Von Meck in 1877, and again in 1880—"but in his case, his mastery overwhelms his inspiration. . . . Nothing comes but boredom. His music is not warmed by any genuine emotion. . . . These depths contain nothing, they are void. . . . I cannot abide them. Whatever he does, I remain unmoved and cold."

Even Mr. H. C. Colles, of all critics of Brahms the most enthusiastic and loyal, speaks of the "difficulty of grasping his music," the statement referring, astonishingly enough, to the transparently beautiful slow movement of the C-major Symphony.

With extraordinary insistence this criticism of Brahms has persisted. The old Brahmsians themselves encouraged it. They reveled in the master's esoteric inaccessible qualities and, like the champions of Meredith in the eighties, they gloried in his "aloofness."

In the light of the attempts of modern composers to stretch beyond their predecessors in search of new effects, sometimes having more interest in the intellectual manipulation of their materials, than in the subjective, emotional expression achieved by them; it is amazing to still come into contact with this old, yet prevailing idea that the music of Brahms is "cold," "heavy," "pedantic," "opaque," "unemotional," and "intellectual."

It is true that Brahms has none of the overstimulating and exciting quality of his more emotional contemporaries, Tchaikovsky and Wagner, but this fact does not reduce Brahms' music to mere cerebration. One has only to hear the glorious Introduction to this symphony to realize that he is experiencing emotion itself. If there is anything cerebral or intellectual in Brahms, it lies in the manner in which he controls and sublimates the excessiveness and over-welling of his emotions, and that is the mark of every true artist. One reason that criticism has placed upon Brahms' head the condemnation and terrible burden of

cold intellectuality lies in the fact that there are none of the sensationally or popularly used devices to catch immediate response. There are no tricks to discover in Brahms; there is no assailing the judgment in the attempt to excite sudden enthusiasm. We are, however, more and more impressed with the infinite wealth of profound beauty that is to be found in his pages. Critics may have been bewildered at times by his rich, musical fabric, often lost and confused in the labyrinth of his ideas, but again, in the light of contemporary attempts at musical expressiveness at all cost, Brahms appears today with an almost lucid transparency, and as a master of emotional power.

Fuller Maitland in his admirable book on Brahms, referring to this symphony, defends him saying, "the case is almost parallel to certain poems of Browning, the thoughts are so weighty, the reasoning so close, that the ordinary means of expression are inadequate. To try to re-score the first movement with the sacrifice of none of its meaning, is as hopeless a task as to rewrite 'Sordello' in sentences that a child should understand."

The association of Brahms and Browning is a happy one. There is something fundamentally similar in their artistic outlook and method of expression, for Brahms, like Browning, often disclaimed the nice selection and employment of a style in itself beautiful. As an artist, none the less, he chose to create, in every case, a style fitly proportioned to the design, finding in that dramatic relation of style and motive a more vital beauty and a broader sweep of feeling. What Matthew Arnold wrote of Milton's verse might well have been written of Brahms' music: "The fullness of thought, imagination, and knowledge makes it what it is." If "the grand style" he referred to "can only be spiritually ascertained," then certainly here is an imposing manifestation of its existence.

The creation of the C-minor Symphony displayed Brahms' discipline and noble intention—the most impressive marks of his character. With all the ardour of his soul, he sought the levels of Bach and Beethoven. His first symphony caused him great trouble and profound thought. It took him years to complete it. The sketches for the work, with which Brahms came forward in his forty-third year (1876), date from decades back. In the fifties Albert Dietrich saw a draft of the first movement. Brahms kept it beyond the time when he committed one symphony after another to the flames, proving the triumphant perseverance that let it survive to a state of perfection. The symphony is written with tremendous seriousness and conciseness. It speaks in tones of a troubled soul,* but rises from a spirit of struggle and torture in the first movement to

*Max Kalbeck sees in the whole symphony, but more particularly in the first movement, an image of the tragedy of Robert and Clara Schumann in which Brahms was involved.

the sublimity of the fourth movement with its onrushing jubilation and exultant buoyancy. This is music which fulfills the exalted prophecy of Jean Paul Richter. "There will come a time when it shall be light, and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams and find his dreams still there, and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

Concerto in D minor for Violin and Orchestra . . . . SIBELIUS

Jean Sibelius was born at Tavastehus, Finland, December 8, 1865.

Sibelius is, without doubt, the outstanding symphonist of the present day. The symphonic scepter has been handed from Beethoven through Brahms, to him. His position in the history of music is still curiously unsettled, however. He has won the esteem of the few and the approbation of the many, and it is this disconcerting ambiguity of aspect that has been responsible for the attitude of noncommittal reserve which musical criticism has maintained toward his art. It has not, as yet, dared to appraise him. The public seems to be curious rather than genuinely interested in his output; it has been suspicious without dislike; aware of a new music, without any great enthusiasm or open hostility.

One reason for the growing approval of his works today, aside from their intrinsic and appealing beauty, is that in this age of conflicting opinions and ideals, and styles of "isms" and "ologies," he is a haven for the most divergent and contrary forces. His idiom makes it impossible to classify him either as a modernist or a traditionalist; he is neither deliberately modern or studiedly archaic. He is just enough of each to offer a refuge to the "modern conservatives," who hear in his voice an echo of Brahms in his graver and more austere moments; or of Tchaikovsky in his more melancholy vein. On the other hand, he is modern enough in his disrespect for established precedent to interest the "conservative modern." Sibelius is an almost isolated phenomenon, really. He seems to belong to a different race, a different age, whether to the past or to the future it is difficult to say.

But this much must be said of his music. It bears the imprint of a powerful and independent personality, evincing a comprehensive mentality unrestrained by historical precedent and uncomplicated by aesthetic preconceptions. His style is proudly restrained for the most part, and in general, cursory, compact and pithy, although often relieved by genuinely tender moments, as in the second movement of this Violin Concerto), without the slightest presence of sentimental ostentation.

Much has been said of the nationalistic nature of Sibelius' music. It is true

that he is the first composer to attract the attention of the world to his native Finland, as a musical nation. His relation to his native land expresses itself in that "intangible something" which is evident in every phrase he wrote. Mr. Watson Lyle in an article in the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1927, describes this ephemeral quality which one senses in his music.

> . . . a composer of nationalistic expression, an ideal that concurs with its abiding love for lakes, canals, islands and mists, and miles upon miles of forests alternating with stretches of marsh, and flat wastes of the country that is homeland to him. He has an unusual ability for translating into terms of music these natural features of the countryside—the shimmering waters, the strange echoes in the forests, the bird calls, and the depressions emotionally conjured by the desolation of areas of waste-land, and the ghostly veiling of objects by mist and fog. In fact it is by *emotional suggestion* quite as much as by musical realism, that his art becomes an expression of his country, and the psychology, the prevailing sadness that is a legacy of hundreds of years of oppression of his country by more powerful nations."

But, really his art transcends the limitations of nationality. He is national, racial, and universal at the same time; and his universality is being sensed slowly. His way to popularity is steadily but surely clearing, but like Brahms he will find general acceptance only with time. The seriousness and sobriety of his art, the solidity of its content, the absence of externals, make no bid for immediate popularity. His music stands or falls entirely on the enduring qualities of its expression. Only future years will determine how enduring that expression is.

Sibelius' violin concerto, so seldom heard on current programs, is one of extreme difficulty, both technically and interpretively. Its lofty and profound beauty, tinged with melancholy brooding, and relieved by wild flights into a world of strange meanings often evades both the interpreter and the hearer.

The solo part is conceived in so organic a manner as to be related to the whole orchestral texture; it weaves itself so closely and intimately into the symphonic tissue that only occasionally is it given any opportunity for a purely technical display.

The first movement (in D minor, allegro moderato and mixed rhythms) is an elaborate composition in Sibelius' unique manner—a peculiar and eccentric sort of effusion having the character of an "improvisation" rather than any close resemblance to accepted forms. The traditional two themes are in evidence clearly enough, but the manner of their treatment is so free and rhapsodical that they elude technical analysis. The first theme, given to the solo violin at the beginning, accompanied by divided and muted violins is plaintive and somber-hued. It spins out rhapsodically to an unaccompanied solo passage which

leads to a climax. A short orchestral *tutti* leads to the statement and unfolding of the tranquil second theme by the solo violin. Following the development of this motive, there is a long *tutti* passage after which the solo instrument engages in an elaborate unaccompanied cadenza, then passes directly to a restatement of the mournful first theme. Pendant developments lead presently to a reappearance of the tranquil second theme, now in altered rhythm, and still in the solo violin. The movement ends in a brilliant climax. The emphasis upon the solo violin developing themes without the orchestra is unusual.

The second movement (in B-flat major, adagio di molto) is of a more tangible nature. It is a contemplative romanza, embracing a short prelude followed by a first section based upon a very melodic theme sung in the solo instrument. There is then a short orchestral interlude. A contrasting middle section, announced by an orchestral passage, is heard in the solo instrument spinning out into florid passage-work which continues as figuration against the return of the tuneful first theme in the orchestra. The solo instrument then sings gently the closing strains of this melody, and the end of the movement dies away into a hushed silence.

The third movement (in D major, allegro, ma non tanto) is brilliant and aggressive music in the general style of a rondo, opening after a four-measure introduction in the lower strings and kettledrum on a persistent reiteration of the tone D. The second theme, resolute in its nature, is sounded in the orchestra; the melody proper beginning in the violins and violoncelli, and later heard in the solo instrument. The remainder of the movement consists of alternations of these two themes, the violin having a brilliant and difficult part in the climax of the movement.

The Fire Bird . . . . . STRAVINSKY

Igor Stravinsky was born at Orianienbaum, Russia, June 5, 1882.

From his early youth, Igor Stravinsky was surrounded with music and musicians. His father, a bass singer, was an important member of the Maryinsky Theater in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) and created the bass roles in many of the operas of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakoff, etc., that are now the backbone of the Russian repertoire. In spite of this rich heritage of musical opportunity with the family circle, he was destined by his parents for the profession of law. His acquaintance with Borodin, Moussorgsky, and a later chance-meeting with Rimsky-Korsakoff, which resulted in the latter's accepting Stravinsky as a pupil, were influences too strong on the side of music; the aspirations of the family

for a distinguished career in law were overcome, and music gained one of the leaders in twentieth-century composition.

From the production of "The Fire Bird," in 1910, his music has created more controversy and critical comment than that of any other contemporary composer. He introduced into music more revolutionary ideas that have been labeled "modernistic," even "futuristic," than any of his predecessors and has become, as a result, the most sensational figure in contemporary music. His name has come to signify a synthesis of all the separate and frequently conflicting tendencies which constitute that complex phenomenon we call "the spirit of an age." In the language of Kant, he has become a "historical postulate." Beginning as a Romantic, he shared for a time the vaporous impressionism of Debussy and Scriabin; then opposed suddenly this evanescent and sensitive expression with a violent primitivism, cultivating a barbarity of sound in the "Rites of Spring" (1912) which aroused audiences to a positive fury; and finally reached his present position—that of a "pure and abstract" musician in "The Psalms" (1930—heard at the May Festival in 1932), in which he reverted to the absolutism of the music of earlier centuries. His development was rapid; his eclecticism thorough; his emancipation sudden and complete.

"The Fire Bird" was the first work which Stravinsky wrote for Diaghileff, director of the Russian Ballet, with whom he had become closely associated. In it he showed for the last time the influence of his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakoff, both in the use of characteristically subtle rhythms and individual touches of instrumentation and in the exotic and brilliant programmatic and descriptive use of his orchestration—so reminiscent of "Scheherazade." At the same time "The Fire Bird" revealed an unmistakable individuality, a startling daring which Rimsky-Korsakoff sensed in his young and talented pupil when he tersely said, upon hearing "The Fire Bird" for the first time, "Look here, stop playing this horrid thing. Otherwise I might begin to enjoy it."

"The Fire Bird" was first performed at the Paris Opera June 25, 1910, under the direction of Serge Diaghileff. The scenario was by Fokine, the ballet was on this occasion conducted by Gabriel Pierné.

From Ralston's "Russian Folk Tales" we learn that the fire bird is known in its native haunts as the Zhar-Ptitsa. The name indicates its close connection with flame or light, Zhar means "glowing-heart"—as of a furnace, Zhar-Ptitsa means literally "the glow bird."

"Its appearance corresponds with its designation. Its feathers blaze with golden or silvery sheen, its eyes shine like crystal, it dwells in a golden cage. In the depth of the night, it flies into a garden and lights it up as brilliantly as could a thousand burning fires. A single feather from its tail illuminates a dark room. It feeds upon

golden apples which have the power of bestowing youth and beauty (on magic grasses in a Croatian version.)"

In Russian folklore, we encounter the monstrous ogre Kastchei the Immortal, who exists (to quote Ralston), "as one of the many incantations of the dark spirit. . . . Sometimes he is altogether serpentlike in form . . . sometimes he seems to be of a mixed nature, partly human, partly ophidian, in some stories framed after the fashion of man. He is called 'immortal' or 'deathless' because of his superiority to the ordinary laws of existence. Sometimes his 'death,' that is, the object with which his life is indissolubly connected, does not exist within his body."

The following descriptive section is taken from the program notes of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

The action of Stravinsky's ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu," from which this concert suite is extracted, may be outlined as follows:

Into the domain of the Ogre Kastchei there wandered one night, after a long day's hunting, the young Prince Ivan Tsarevitch. In the shadows of an orchard he discerned a marvelous golden bird, with plumage that shone through the darkness as if its wings had been dipped in flame. The wondrous creature was sybaritically engaged in plucking golden apples from a silver tree when Ivan gleefully laid hold of her; but, melted by her entreaties, he soon released her, and she flew away, leaving with him, in gratitude, one of her shining plumes.

As the night lifted, Ivan saw that he was in the part of an ancient castle, as, as he looked, there issued from it twelve lovely maidens, and then a thirteenth, who, despite her sinister number, seemed to Ivan infinitely desirable. Hiding himself, he watched the damsels, whom he knew at once to be princesses because of the easy grace with which, as to the manner born, they played with the golden apples and danced among the silver trees. When he could no longer restrain himself, he went among them; and then, because he was young and comely, they made him a present of some expensive fruit, and besought him to depart in haste, warning him that he was in the enchanted realm of the maleficent Kastchei, whose prisoners they were, and whose playful habit it was to turn to stone whatever venturesome travelers he could decoy. But Ivan, with his eyes on the beautiful thirteenth princess, was undismayed, and would not go. So they left him.

* * * *

Then the prince, made bold by love, flung open the gates of the castle, and out swarmed a grotesque and motley throng of slaves and buffoons, soldiers and freaks, the Kikimoras and the Bolibochki and the two-headed monsters—subjects and satellites of the Ogre—and finally the terrible Kastchei himself, who sought to work his petrifying spell upon Ivan. But the Fire-Bird's golden feather, which Ivan still carried, proved to be a magic talisman, against which the wicked power of the Ogre could not prevail.

And now the Fire-Bird herself appeared. First she caused the Ogre and his crew to begin a frenzied dance, which grew ever wilder and wilder. When they had fallen to the ground exhausted, the Fire-Bird disclosed to Ivan the absurdly simple secret of Kastchei's immortality: In a certain casket the Ogre preserved an egg. If the egg were broken, Kastchei would die. It did not take Ivan long to find the egg and dash it to the ground, whereupon Kastchei expired, and the castle vanished, and the captive knights who had been turned to stone came to life and joined in the general merry-making, while Ivan and Tsarevna, the most beautiful of the Princesses, gazed expectantly into each other's eyes.

The movements of the suite performed at this concert are as follows:

I. *Introduction*, leading into a section called

II. *The Fire-Bird and Her Dance*, which combines some of the music accompanying Ivan's pursuit of the miraculous Bird as prelude to the Dance itself—music of fantastic and captivating grace.

III. *Dance of the Princesses.* This movement, a "Khorovode," or round dance, of charming gravity and stateliness, opens with an introductory passage for two flutes in imitation over an octave F sharp sustained by the horns. The melody of the dance is first played by the oboe, accompanied by harp chords, and is continued by solo 'cello, clarinet, and bassoon. The second section of the theme is sung by the muted strings.

IV. *Kastchei's Infernal Dance.* This section (introduced by a *sfff* chord of the whole orchestra) is called in the ballet, *Infernal Dance of All the Subjects of Kastchei.* In the concert version, this movement ends on a crashing chord for all the instruments, followed by a sudden quiet of the orchestra and a brief transitional passage (*Andante*, *p*) for woodwind, horns, piano, and harp, then for divided and muted 'celli and violas.

V. *Berceuse.* In the ballet, this delightful cradle-song, with its opening bassoon solo over an accompaniment of muted strings and harp, follows the Infernal Dance, lulling the Tsarevna into a sleep that will protect her from the evil designs of Kastchei.

VI. *Finale.* This movement, which succeeds the *Berceuse* without pause, follows, in the ballet, the Death of Kastchei, and accompanies the breaking of the Sorcerer's spell, the vanishing of his castle, and the revivification of the petrified knights. The movement opens with a horn solo (*p*, *dolce cantabile*, *Lento maestoso*), above string tremolos—a melody that at the climax of the Finale is sung with thrilling beauty by all the strings in unison against an ascending scale in the brass. The work ends with a jubilant music that celebrates the release of the Ogre's victims and the happy conclusion of Ivan's adventure.

SIXTH CONCERT

Saturday Evening, May 16

Manzoni Requiem . . . . . VERDI

For Soli, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

(Fortunio) Giuseppe (Francesco) Verdi was born in Le Roncole, October 9, 1813; died in Milan, January 17, 1901.

The year 1813 was of tremendous importance in the political world, but no less so in the domain of music, for it brought to earth two epoch-making geniuses, Richard Wagner and Giuseppe Verdi. In these two masters, the greatest artistic forces of the entire nineteenth century climaxed. In them, the German and Italian opera set up models that seemed to exhaust all the conceivable possibilities of the two cultures. Representing two great musical nations, influenced alike by strong national tendencies, they both assumed the same novel and significant artistic attitude. Wagner, the German, full of the Teutonic spirit, revolutionized the musico-dramatic art; Verdi, the Italian, no less national in spirit, developed, without losing either his individuality or nationality, a style in which the spirit of his German contemporary came to be a guiding principle.

Verdi was not a man of culture like Wagner. Born a peasant, he remained rooted to the soil and his art reflects a like primitive quality. He created music astonishingly frank and fierce, for his time; turning the oversophisticated style of Donizetti and Bellini with its siren warblings into passionate utterances. His genius carried him by fits and starts from majestic dignity and impressive elegance to the depths of triviality and vulgarity; but it always reflected large resources of imagination and amazing vitality. His vitality in fact is exceptional among composers. So enduring and resourceful was it that his greatest and most elaborate works were produced after he was fifty-seven years of age, and his last opera "Falstaff" (by many considered his masterpiece) was written when he was eighty! He was sixty-one when he wrote the "Requiem," and in it there is no hint of any diminution of his creative powers. The consistent and continuous growth of his style over sixty years of his life, displays an incomparable capacity for artistic development and proves a triumphant vitality and a thrilling fortitude of spirit. But these he had in abundance, and they sustained him through a life of sadness and misfortune. As the child of a poor innkeeper, he had slight opportunities for a musical education. He spent his

early youth in deep suffering occasioned by an unusually sensitive nature. He was constantly cheated, thwarted, despised, and wounded in his deepest affections. Misfortune marked him at the very threshold of his career. He was refused admittance to the conservatory at Milan because he showed no special aptitude for music! Married at twenty-three years of age, he lost his wife and two children within three months of each other, only four years after his marriage. In his last years, he experienced the bitter loneliness of age. But his misfortunes mellowed rather than hardened him. His magnanimity, his many charitable acts, the broad humanity of his art endeared him to his people, who idolized him both as a man and as an artist. Throughout his life and his works, there ran a virility and verve, a nobility and valor that challenges the greatest admiration.

The "Requiem" reveals Verdi at the height of his genius for it evidences the maturity of artistic judgment that comes only with the years. The whole work is impressively majestic in its broad melodic sweep. To his mastery of vocal resources, so characteristic of Italian composers, must be added a control of the orchestra which sets him apart from his countrymen. His style here approaches more closely that of the masters of German music. The vivid and fresh devices of rhythm and harmony, energized by an outstanding control of polyphony, and an attention directed to the orchestra, as something more than a mere support for the voice (unusual in an Italian), gives his music a Wagnerian richness and opulence.

A careful study of the fugue will clearly reveal that Verdi possessed distinguished power as a contrapuntist. The fact that his themes are so very melodious that this element is constantly in evidence has a tendency to draw one's attention away from the constructive skill revealed in this fugue. The "Requiem" approaches the dignity of Bach and the impressive majesty of Wagner, but it is still genuinely Italian in spirit. Every page reveals the imprint of genius, and genius knows no national boundaries.

The production of the "Requiem" at Milan, May 22, 1874 (Wagner's birthday), was the signal for a controversy which has persisted to this day. The Germans, with Bach and Handel in mind, see in it an unfortunate theatricalism and an overwrought sentimentality. They object to an operatic style being carried over into a religious work. (Have they forgotten that Handel turned from opera to oratorio at the age of fifty-five and that the "Messiah" is after all operatic in its style.) And in England also, the memories of Handel and Mendelssohn and the awareness of Elgar are still conditioning factors in their judgment of what a religious work should be. The French and Italians, especially the latter, find in its idioms a perfect expression of religious emotion.

Justice requires that the "Requiem" be criticized with a realization of the racial differences in religious feeling and expression between peoples of the Latin and Teutonic stocks.

Verdi, like Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Beethoven and Elgar, used the idioms of his day and generation; consequently his appeal is natural and justified. No one who knows the personality of Verdi could accuse him of a lack of sincerity or genuine religious conviction.

Shortly after Rossini's death (November 13, 1868), Verdi suggested that Italian composers should unite in writing a worthy requiem as a tribute to the memory of the "Swan of Pesaro." It was to be performed only at the cathedral of Bologne every hundredth year, on the centenary of Rossini's death. This was a curious proposition to submit to Italian composers who lived for the applause of their countrymen. The only bond of unity was a fixed succession of tonalities determined in advance—possibly by Verdi who took the final number "Libera Me."

The attempt was an absolute failure. However, the power and beauty of Verdi's contribution so impressed his friends that, at the death of the great writer Allessandro Manzoni, he was persuaded by M. Mazzacuto of Milan to compose an entire requiem in his memory.

I. Requiem e Kyrie

The Introduction (A minor) to the "Requiem e Kyrie" (Grant them rest) gives us a quiet and mournful theme, developed entirely by the strings. In this portion of the work the chorus is purely an accompaniment to the melody played by the violins, but at the words, "Te decet hymnus" (There shall be singing), it is supreme. After this division (F major, sung *à cappella*), the introductory theme reappears. At its conclusion the solo parts come into prominence (A major), and the rest of the number is a finely conceived and elaborately executed eight-voiced setting of the words, "Kyrie eleison."

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis;

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

Exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them.

Thou, O God, art praised in Zion, and unto Thee shall the vow be performed in Jerusalem.

Hear my prayer; unto Thee shall all flesh come.

Lord have mercy! Christ have mercy!

II. Dies Irae

The "Dies Irae" (Day of Anger) is divided into nine parts, for solo, chorus, and orchestra. The first of these divisions is a very dramatic setting of the text. It is in the key of G minor and introduces vocal and orchestral effects which are startling

in their intensity. The second division, "Tuba Mirum" (Hark! the trumpet) (A-flat minor) is preceded by a dramatic treatment of the orchestra, in which the trumpet calls in the orchestra are answered in the distance—until a magnificent climax is reached by the *ff* chords for the full brass, leading into a fine unison passage for male voices, accompanied by the full orchestra. In quick succession follows No. 3, solos for Bass and Mezzo Soprano. The words "Mors stupebit" (Death with wonder is enchained) (D minor) and "Liber scriptus properetur" (Now the record shall be cited) involve a change of treatment. An abridged version of the first division follows, to be succeeded in turn by a beautiful trio for Tenor, Mezzo, and Bass (G minor). The next division, "Rex tremendae majestatis" (King of Glory) (C minor), is written for solo and chorus. The solo parts to the text, "Salve me, fons pietatis" (Save me with mercy flowing), introduce a melody entirely distinct from that of the chorus, while the ingenious contrasts of the two leading up to the final blending of both in the "Salve me" are intensely interesting and effective.

The sixth number, a duet for Soprano and Mezzo (F major), is thoroughly Italian in spirit, is beautifully written for the voices, and carries out most perfectly the spirit of the word, "Recordare" (Ah! remember). The Tenor and Bass Solos which now follow, the "Ingemisco" (Sadly groaning) (E-flat major) and "Confutatis" (E major), in the opinion of many critics, contain the finest music in the whole work. Be this as it may, this portion is very interesting, and to the musician presents technical points of importance. The "Dies Irae," as a whole, ends with the "Lacrymosa" (Ah! what weeping) (B-flat minor), a tender setting of these words. A wonderful crescendo in the word *Amen* is to be noted.

Dies irae, dies illa,
Solvet saeclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus.
Cuncta stricte discussurus!
Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Julicanti responsura.
Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?
Rex tremendae majestatis!

Day of vengeance, lo! that morning,
On the earth in ashes dawning,
David with the Sibyl warning!
Ah! what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
And each secret veil is rending!
To the Throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all with voice astounding.
Death and Nature, 'maz'd, are quaking,
When the grave's deep slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.
Now the written book containing
Records to all time pertaining,
Opens for the world's arraigning,
See the Judge, his seat attaining,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining!
What shall I then say unfriended,
By what advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended?
King of Majesty tremendous,

Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salve me, fons pietatis!
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die.
Quaerens me, sedisti lassus;
Redemisti crucem passus;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
Preces meae non sunt dignae,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.
Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab hoedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus abdictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.
Lacrymosa dies illa!
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicantus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

By thy saving grace defend us;
Fount of piety, safely send us.
Jesus, think of thy wayfaring
For my sins the death-crown wearing;
Save me in that day despairing.
Worn and weary thou has sought me,
By Thy cross and passion bought me,
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me,
Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution,
Ere that day of dissolution.
As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant moaning.
Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition.
In my prayers no worth discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save me from Thy endless burning!
Give me, while Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding.
When the wicked are rejected,
And to bitter flames subjected,
Call me forth with thine elected.
Low in supplication bending,
Heart as though with ashes blending,
Care for me when all is ending.
When on that dread day of weeping,
Guilty man in ashes sleeping
Wakes to his adjudication,
Save him, God, from condemnation.
Lord Jesus, all-pitying,
Grant them rest. Amen.

III. Domine Jesu

As a contrast in form and style to the varied and extended "Dies Irae," the composer treats the next division of the mass, "Domine Jesu Christe" (A-flat major), in the manner of a quartet, each of the four solo voices by its unique *timbre* contributing to the simple beauty of the melodic and harmonic conception.

Domine Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de poenis inferni et de profundo lacu: libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum. Sed signifer sanctus Michael repraesentet eas in lucem sanctam. Quam olim Abrahae promisisti et semini ejus.

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimus, tu suscipe pro animabus illis, quarum hodie memoriam facimus; faceas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam; faceas, Domine, faceas de morte.

Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful dead from the punishment of hell, and from the deep lake:

Deliver them from the lion's mouth; let not hell swallow them, let them not fall into darkness; but let Saint Michael, the standard bearer, bring them into the holy light which once thou didst promise to Abraham and his seed.

Offerings of prayer and praise we bring Thee, O Lord; receive them for those souls whom today we commemorate. Let them go, O Lord, from death to life.

IV. Sanctus

The "Sanctus" (F major) is an exalted inspiration of genius. With its glorious double fugue, its triumphal antiphonal effects at the close leading into a soul-uplifting climax, it would, of itself, make the reputation of a lesser composer.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domine Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et terra gloriae tuae. Osanna in excelsis.

Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Osanna in excelsis.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest!

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!

V. Agnus Dei

If the "Sanctus" is sublime in its grandeur, no less so in its pathos is the "Agnus Dei" (Lamb of God) (C major), written for solo voices (Soprano and Contralto) and chorus. A simple melody with three different settings is the basis of this important number, and in originality and effectiveness it is not at all inferior to the inspired "Sanctus" which precedes it.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, grant them rest. Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, grant them rest everlasting.

VI. Lux Aeterna

The "Lux aeterna" (Light eternal) (B flat) calls for no extended notice. It is written for three solo voices in the style which we find in Verdi's later works.

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine, cum Sanctis tuis in aeternam, quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Let perpetual light shine on them, O Lord, with thy saints forever, for thou art gracious.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.

VII. Libera Me

The closing number (7), "Libera Me" (C minor), begins with a recitative (Soprano), "Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna" (Lord, deliver my soul from eternal death), interrupted by the chorus, which chants these words, and, introducing a fugue of stupendous difficulty, gives us a repetition of the beautiful introduction to the whole work (B flat minor), and ends with the repetition of the recitative, while the chorus holds out a sustained chord (C major) *ppp*. In the repetition of the introduction to the chorus just alluded to, the solo voice (Soprano) takes the melody originally played by the violins, with *à cappella* chorus accompaniment. The ending of the work is very dramatic. Everything seems to be hushed while the awful significance of the words is impressed upon the mind with irresistible force.

Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra. Dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum discussio venerit atque ventura ira, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra.

Dies irae, dies illa, calamitatis et miseriae, dies magna et amara valde.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death, in that dread day when the heavens and the earth shall be moved, when thou shalt come to judge the world by fire.

I am full of terror and fear at the judgment that shall come and at the coming of thy wrath, when the heavens and the earth shall be moved.

Day of wrath, dread day of calamity and misery, dread day of bitter sorrow.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on them.

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The Philadelphia Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, Conductor; Saul Caston and Charles O'Connell, Associate Conductors, 1936
The University Choral Union. Albert A. Stanley, Conductor, 1894–1921; Earl V. Moore, Conductor, 1922–
The Young People's Festival Chorus, trained by Florence B. Potter, and conducted by Albert A. Stanley, 1913–1918
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The Stanley Chorus, trained by Margaret Martindale, 1934

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Felix Borowski (Chicago) 1927
Percy Grainger (New York) 1928

CHORAL WORKS

1894 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1895 Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1896 Lohengrin, Act I, Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner
1897 Arminius, Bruch; Stabat Mater, Rossini
1898 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi
1899 German Requiem, Brahms; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1900 Lily Nymph, Chadwick; Hora Novissima, Parker
1901 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Golden Legend, Sullivan
1902 Orpheus, Gluck; Faust, Gounod
1903 Caractacus, Elgar; Aida, Verdi
1904 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Carmen, Bizet
1905 St. Paul, Mendelssohn; Arminius, Bruch
1906 Stabat Mater, Dvorak; A Psalm of Victory, Stanley; Aida, Verdi
1907 Messiah, Handel; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns
1908 Creation, Haydn; Faust, Gounod
1909 Seasons, Haydn; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz
1910 Fair Ellen, Bruch; Odysseus, Bruch; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari
1911 *Judas Maccabeus, Handel; Eugene Onegin, Tchaikovsky*
1912 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Chorus Triomphalis, Stanley
1913 Laus Deo, Stanley; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Lohengrin, Act I, and Finale from Meistersinger, Wagner; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1914 Caractacus, Elgar; Messiah, Handel; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1915 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Children's Crusade, Pierné
1916 Paradise Lost, Bossi; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné
1917 Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; Aida, Verdi; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher
1918 The Beatitudes, Franck; Carmen, Bizet; Into the World (Children), Benoit
1919 Ode to Music, Hadley; Faust, Gounod; Fair Land of Freedom, Stanley
1920 *Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Damnation of Faust, Berlioz*
1921 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Aida, Verdi; *Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore
1922 New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; A Psalmodic Rhapsody, Stock; Tannhäuser (Paris Version), Wagner; A Song of Spring (Children), Busch
1923 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †Hymn of Jesus, Holst; Dirge for Two Veterans, Holst; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns

* World Première at the May Festival Concerts
† American Première at the May Festival Concerts

1924 B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; †La Primavera (Spring), Respighi; †Sea Drift, Delius; Excerpts from Aida and La Forza del Destino, Verdi

1925 The Bells, Rachmaninoff; B-minor Mass (Excerpts), Bach; La Gioconda, Ponchielli; Alice in Wonderland (Children), Kelley

1926 Elijah, Mendelssohn; Lohengrin, Wagner; *The Lament of Beowulf, Hanson; The Walrus and the Carpenter (Children), Fletcher

1927 Missa Solemnis, Beethoven; †Choral Symphony, 2d and 3d movements, Holst; Carmen, Bizet; *Heroic Elegy, Hanson; Voyage of Arion (Children), Moore

1928 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Marching Song of Democracy, Grainger; Aida, Verdi; Quest of the Queer Prince (Children), Hyde

1929 German Requiem, Brahms; New Life, Wolf-Ferrari; Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saëns; Hunting of the Snark (Children), Boyd

1930 Magnificat, Bach; King David, Honegger; Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; *A Symphony of Song (Children), Strong

1931 St. Francis of Assisi, Pierné; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; Old Johnny Appleseed (Children), Gaul

1932. Creation, Haydn, Symphony of Psalms, Stravinsky; †Choral Fantasia, Holst; †Legend of Kitesh, Rimsky-Korsakov; The Spider and the Fly (Children), Protheroe

1933 Belshazzar's Feast, Walton; *Merry Mount, Hanson; Spring Rapture (Children), Gaul

1934 The Seasons, Haydn; †Ein Friedenslied, Heger; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven; By the Rivers of Babylon, Loeffler; The Ugly Duckling, English

1935 *Songs from "Drum Taps," Hanson; King David, Honegger; Boris Godunof (original version), Moussorgsky; *Jumblies (Children), James

1936 Manzoni Requiem, Verdi; Caractacus, Elgar; Children at Bethlehem (Children), Pierné

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